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A PAPER BY THE STUDENTS OF BARRINGER HIGH SCHOOL

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

TUESDAY, OCTOBER TWENTY-THIRD, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTEEN

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In Ye Days of Long Ago

By Burke Boyce.

A Serial Story

Chapter I.

The sun was setting over the hills of Cornwall, turning the early fall grasses from their greens and grays to reds and faint pinks. Far away on the horizon lay a low bank of mist or clouds, colored a dark purple to form a perfect background for the picture. As far as the eye could see, the country rolled out in low hills, the tops of which were touched with the pink glow of the sun, while in the shallow valleys long shadows were growing longer. Here and there, as if to break any possible monotony, huge rocks jutted from the ground, and patches of rough woodland swayed in harmony with the evening breeze. Not a living thing was stirring. All was peace and quiet, and heavenly solitude.

But just as the sun touched the horizon, its final rays were reflected from something far, far down the road—a tiny speck of light, gleaming and glittering and dancing. Then it disappeared. But the cause that had produced it was still there. Away in the distance could be heard the faint, measured beat of the tramp of well trained marchers. Slowly, steadily, the sound grew louder. Now receding, now swelling, but always growing stronger. Then suddenly, over the top of a hill, appeared four archers, with their bows on their backs and their quivers at their sides. They wore brigandines of chain mail, bright steel caps, and white surcoats, with crosses of red, covering their breasts. They swung along with a business-like air, albeit they were laughing and talking among themselves. Behind these came more archers, four abreast, and so on, until one hundred had appeared above the crest of the hill. Behind the archers trod fifty men-at-arms, with coats of mail, headpieces, swords, shields and battle-axes. Next came three horsemen. They, too, were armed with coats of mail, and they, too, had a cross blazoned on their breasts. They were riding side by side, the two on the outside paying great attention to the one in the middle, who seemed to be the leader.

"Yea, Sir Stephen," he was saying, "at last I have set forth to the holy wars. Long have I desired to plant my feet upon the holy soil of Jerusalem, but I would bethink me of my son, and hold back till he should be able to accompany me."

"Methinks he is not so much an infant, now, Lord Cunningham," Sir Stephen made reply. "Look how sturdily he bears himself, and how manfully he sits his steed."

The two knights glanced toward the object of their talk. He was young, not over twenty-five, and of a light complexion. His features, or rather those that could be seen in the twilight, were finely chiseled, showing at the same time both gentleness and an iron will. He was sturdy and well-proportioned, and the way in which he handled the heavy lance he was carrying sug-

gested familiarity in the use of arms. The youth felt the gaze of the two men upon him, and turned an enquiring face in their direction.

"What wouldst thou, sire?"

"Naught, Alleyne, naught. We were but thinking that 'tis not so long ago you were but a child, and now you are off with me to the Crusades."

Alleyne smiled in reply, and was about to answer, when he stopped and gazed fixedly ahead.

"If I mistake not, father," he said, "yon black mass is Banaster Castle."

"True, my lad, true," broke in Sir Stephen, "'tis the castle of my ancestors, and such cheer as it has, you are welcome to."

"Every one in Cornwall, methinks, has tasted of your excellent good cheer, Sir Stephen," quoth Lord Cunningham.

"Aye, that they have, and they show little gratitude now that I am no longer wealthy."

"'Tis but the way of the world. But how is the affair 'twixt you and Sir Walter Briquet?"

"Ah, my Lord, things are in a sorry pass. He hath threatened, in case I do not repay him the moneys I have borrowed, to bring my castle about my ears; but that he shall not do whilst I live." (The old knight's eyes glittered fiercely.) "However, he hath of late been making sundry calls, and paying his attentions to my daughter. I fear that he will ask for her hand, and that, if I refuse, he will tear down the castle for payment of his debt. Alas, I know not what to do. Most of my men-at-arms have joined the Crusades, whilst his are still in his service. Nor does he intend to journey to the Holy Land. But here we are at Banaster Castle, so throw all gloom and fear aside and enter cheerfully, for that is my law."

They had indeed reached the castle, which stood dark and forbidding in the faint light. It was surrounded by a moat, and a strong, high wall, which was turreted at the corners. Above all towered the keep. Sir Stephen blew thrice upon his horn, whereupon the drawbridge was lowered and the portcullis raised, and the whole company entered the castle.

In those days the materials for a feast were ever kept in the castles, so it was not long before the two crusaders and their host sat at a bounteous table with the Lady Edythe Banaster, the young and beautiful daughter of Sir Stephen. She was clothed in a flowing gown of light blue sendal, with fur trimmings at the throat and cuffs. Her long, fair tresses hung in flowing ripples down her back, while a plain gold circlet confined the wayward strands about her brow. Next to the Lady Edythe was seated the gaunt and angular housekeeper, who had lived in the castle since the death of Sir Stephen's wife. She it was who advised the Lady Edythe, and supervised the household.

And now, too, we may see the faces of the two knights. Lord Cunningham was dark-haired, with an aquiline nose and deep-set eyes, shaggy eyebrows and a well-trimmed beard. A leathern belt studded with jewels supported his sword, and gave him the appearance of a rich and powerful Lord. And such he was. Sir Stephen was a fair-haired giant of the Saxon strain, with all the undaunted courage of the Saxons showing in his face.

The company sat around the table, laughing and talking, as merry as if it were a holiday rather than a grave and momentous occasion. The torches upon the walls lit the scene, revealing the rugged and bare outlines of the room and lighting up with a ruddy glow the faces of the merrymakers as they sat about the table, which was groaning with viands.

Finally they ended their repast, and, rising from their seats, they followed Sir Stephen into the main room of the castle. This room, like the other, was bare and ill furnished, for Oriental tapestries and trappings of luxury had not yet reached this remote castle, although the returning Crusaders filled all England with these things a few years later. Scarcely had the company seated themselves before the fire glowing in the huge fireplace, when there sounded a trumpet-blast, a signal from the lookout.

"'Tis that mongrel Sir Walter Briquet," exclaimed Sir Stephen. "Why doth he come hither to spoil our last evening together?"

"Aye, why?" echoed Alleyne, who had been conversing in low tones with Lady Edythe. It could be plainly seen that neither liked the interruption.

"Well, he is come, and we must needs make the best of it," quoth Lord Cunningham.

Ten minutes later Sir Walter Briquet strode into the room. He was a tall, dark-browed, ugly looking man, very formidable with his armor, and his huge sword clanking by his side. He started with surprise, scowling at the visitors.

"Hola, you have visitors, I perceive, Sir Stephen. Good e'en, Lord Cunningham, and you too, young sir. And here is the fair Lady Edythe, also."

He advanced and kissed the damsel's hand with a very courtly air, she frowning upon him all the while. The knight then turned and faced the others.

"I have come, Sir Stephen," he began in his most polished manner, "to ask for the hand of the Lady Edythe in marriage. If my wish is granted, I shall cancel all your indebtedness to me. If not—I will capture the castle, and carry her off. I give you a week in which to answer."

So saying, he strode from the room, leaving the company too dumbfounded to speak. But one of their number, unseen, glided out the door and followed Sir Walter. When the knight had reached the outer court, this stealthy figure approached him.

"I count it as part of my knightly training to avenge the words you have just uttered—the

words of a caitiff, not a knight." Thus spoke the unknown.

"Away with thee, youth, else I may harm thee," roared Sir Walter.

"Draw, sir, draw!"

The two men drew their swords, and began slashing, parrying, thrusting, now leaping aside to avoid a blow, now striking with full force, their swords gleaming like lightning as the red torches shone upon them. But Sir Walter was evidently the stronger and the more skilled, for he soon forced his opponent backward to the wall of the keep, where he rained blow after blow upon him. Once however, the flat of his adversary's sword struck him full upon the head, and he fell to the ground with a grasp. The unknown, scorning to take advantage of him as he lay helpless, was about to step over him and be gone, when Sir Walter reached out, and catching him by the ankle, pulled him down also. Then leaping upon him, he renewed the fight. Writhing, twisting, striking, they battled, until Sir Walter, with a lightning-like thrust, wounded his adversary under the right shoulder with his dagger. But at this moment some men-at-arms, who had heard the struggle, came rushing towards them. Sir Walter, leaving his adversary upon the ground, rose with a smile to face his new antagonists. Just then, however, his squire came riding up with Sir Walter's horse cantering along behind him. The knight, springing upon his steed, waved to the soldiers, and galloped away in the darkness, his horse's hoofs thundering over the still lowered drawbridge.

* * *

The next morning, Alleyne, with his right shoulder bound up, was talking to the Lady Edythe just inside the door of the castle. Outside, all was bustle and noise as the Crusaders prepared to start.

"Art sure thine arm is hale?" asked Edythe with anxiety.

"Thy wonderful care has cured it," replied Alleyne, looking deep into her eyes. "Ah, Edythe, if you could but know—but 'tis not for a squire to tell his love to one of thy rank."

"Mayhap I do know, Alleyne," replied the damsel. "But speed thee, they are about to start."

"One favor I crave, oh fair one. Give me some token by which to remember thee; then farewell."

"Go, sir, go! They are starting!" She extended her hand, and as he bent to kiss it, she pressed a ring into his fingers. She was gone ere he could look up, but down the passage floated a soft, "God speed thee, Alleyne." His heart wild with hope, he turned, ran, leaped upon his steed, and raced after the departing cavalcade, raced from her he loved into many and untold dangers.

(To be Continued.)

The Race

By P. A. Gleim.

A SMALL group of intelligent looking farmers were gathered in the little country store of Joshua Talbot, discussing political, social and economic questions.

Among the group was a young ambitious lad of about eighteen years of age, who often boasted that he had been to the "city" several times.

"Have you ever been to a regular racin' contest?" asked this young lad, Tom Perkins, looking at no one in particular. "Well, if you have or not, I have been anyway, and I think we ought to have a contest here some day."

"Say, that would be the reg'lar thing!" cried Ezra Duncan, an old and very talkative man. "We'd have all kinds of races: potato races, dashes, bag races, horse races—"

"And maybe a trolley car race," interrupted Jim Brady. "Haw! haw! Yer a reg'lar one for going up in the air, Duncan."

"You jest go on. I didn't mintion no trolley cars," answered Ezra, looking rather insulted and pulling his small gray whiskers furiously.

"Why not race with a trolley car?" asked another one of the party, named George Milton, who was very fond of looking into any subject mentioned carelessly, and was always looking for an argument.

"I've heard of all kinds of races already, but I never heard of a race with a trolley car before," said Tom Perkins.

"Well, maybe it isn't so hard to race with a trolley car, either," said a very short, fat fellow, who had been a silent listener. Bill Rink, for this was his name, was a popular young man of about twenty years of age.

"You couldn't beat a snail," said Perkins, surveying Bill's plump form and superfluous weight.

"What do you know about that?" asked Bill, his cheeks beginning to redden.

"I'll bet you can't beat a trolley car!" cried Tom Perkins.

"I'm not afarid. I'll take you up!" cried Bill Rink, jumping up from his seatless chair.

There was a small country car running be-

tween two neighboring towns. It went straight through the town. The race was to be one mile in length, from the country store to the "White Farm House."

It was eight o'clock in the evening before the little gathering broke up.

"Don't forget, Bill, three o'clock to-morrow afternoon," called Jim Brady, as they parted.

"I'll be there," answered Bill.

The next morning the whole town was buzzing with the news of the proposed race. The elderly gentlemen of the town deemed it an absurd amusement, and in fact not fit for a respectable town, but the younger set rejoiced over the prospects of some unusual amusement.

About nine o'clock Bill met his young fiancé, a sweet young lady of about nineteen years of age.

"What is this, I am hearing about you?" she asked, apparently sternly.

"You mean about my race?" he asked, innocently.

"The very idea! Why, what ever put that crazy notion into your fat head! I thought you had more sense than that," said the young lady angrily.

"Well, if you don't want me to race, I won't, but—but—" he hesitated, looking very crestfallen and disappointed.

"No 'buts.' If you like to race more than you like me, then race, but don't ever speak to me again!" and saying this, Miss Idelia Royce, tilting her head slightly, departed.

There stood Bill Rink, puzzled more than ever before. What should it be—the fifty dollars or the girl?

Suddenly a thought dawned upon him. Why not capture two prizes with one blow? If he won the race, his popularity would win him his girl.

With these thoughts in mind, he went his way, to prepare certain details, by which he hoped to win the race.

At the appointed time in the afternoon, Bill, in a light running suit, was ready to begin. Spectators crowded the whole country street, especially near the finish mark.

Just as the town clock struck two, a car on regular duty came past the country store. It stopped to take on passengers.

When the conductor rang the bell for the car to start, Bill was off.

A great shout arose from the spectators, for it was a great event for the little town.

Bill started off with a great burst of speed. His short, fat legs moved in double quick time, while his fat body jerked from side to side in rhythm with his stubby arms, which were swinging like the piston rods of a locomotive.

Before Bill had gone twenty-five yards the car had reached the next street corner, one hundred yards ahead of him.

But here was luck for Bill!

At this corner stood Ezra Duncan, with a load of lumber on his shoulder, preparing to get into the car. Ezra, either purposely or really stupidly, tried to enter at the front of the car. After being directed by the motorman to enter at the rear, he went to the correct entrance and prepared to ascend the steps. Finally, after a delay of more than a minute, Ezra succeeded in getting himself and his lumber into the car.

But while all this was occurring, Bill had sped past and puffing like a locomotive, was running about two hundred yards ahead of the car.

Alas! before Bill could look around the car had caught up to him and before the next corner was reached, it was two hundred yards ahead of him.

Here another strange incident occurred. A very fat woman with a basket of clothes attempted to ascend the steps of the car. Strange to say she could not get through the door of the car frontwards, and it was very difficult to get in sideways because of her basket. Well, she did get in at last, after being helped by the conductor.

Before the car could get under way again, Bill was puffing along the street about three hundred yards in the lead. Bill was laboring hard now. His breath came shorter. His legs moved slower, but his arms faster.

Alas! the car had caught up to him again. It had passed him.

Still there was a look of confidence and an expression of "do or die" on Bill's face.

Two hundred yards to win!

The car was almost at the finish line. Then suddenly something happened. A very shabby buggy and spirited horse came down a side road. When the horse reached the car tracks, he acted very strangely. He reared on his hind legs and leaped forward. He backed up again and almost struck the oncoming car. The motorman stopped the car in time to avoid an accident. The apparently shy horse seemed to insist upon standing and jumping around in the very path of the car. The driver seemed to encourage the horse's motive.

Bill was already running alongside of the car. He was almost completely exhausted.

Then suddenly some one called to him.

"Keep on Bill, the car's stuck here!" It was Jim Brady, from the driver's seat of the buggy.

Twenty-five yards to win!!

Bill was almost walking now.

His fat legs were almost played out. But with a great effort, he succeeded in keeping on.

The spectators were laughing with tears in their eyes. The comical scene appealed to their good humor. There was the car, held up by a shy horse, while a little distance away was Bill, dragging himself toward the finish line.

At last with his dim eyes he saw faintly the white fence of the farm house. He dragged

(*Continued on page* 30.)

A Startling Adventure

By Altha Gray

THE old, squeaky bus which twice daily made the long, hard journey from Mulberry to Hampton, rumbled along in the thick blackness of a bitter winter night through an utterly desolate and uninhabited part of the country. Although the bus was closed and I wore a heavy fur overcoat, the cold was penetrating, and I shivered and crouched closer in the corner. I had dreaded this trip, but pressing business had made it necessary for me to go to Hampton at once, and as trains which stopped there were few and far between, I had been obliged to take the only available way. It was a most dreary and cheerless journey. I placed my hands against the window pane and peered out. Nothing but inky darkness met my eyes; something pattered against the window—snow! Now it came faster and faster, clinging to the window in a white sheet. I felt like one lost in the wilderness. I took a survey of my traveling companions—a cheery company, indeed!!

In the far corner sat a drummer—a little man, wearing an overcoat reaching down to his heels, a muffler reaching up to his nose and a hat pulled down over his eyes and he sat perfectly still like a bundle of clothes, and finally went to sleep and snored most unpleasantly. And next to him sat a young fellow with large protruding blue eyes, and a simple, vacant face, who took a picture from his pocket at intervals of about fifteen minutes and gazed at it, put it back and sat staring into space again. Next there was a thin man who coughed and sneezed and looked at his watch and fussed with some papers he had, till I wished he, too, would go to sleep. The remaining passenger was the only one who really interested me. He was a tall, dark man of about forty-five years, and there was about him a certain air of mystery which one feels in the presence of certain persons. His brilliant, dark eyes glistened strangely under heavy brows, he wore a rough black beard and had a long red scar on his left temple. I was speculating as to whether I should attempt a conversation with him or not when there was a violent jolt and the bus stopped abruptly. The driver put his head through the opening in front and called out in a raucous and disagreeable voice, "Wheel's busted. Git out, everybody." Feeling greatly disgusted I left my corner and stepped out into the chilling storm. The dark gentleman came up and spoke to me for the first time.

"This is indeed unpleasant. The men tell me they cannot finish the repairs for some time. We had better keep moving or we'll freeze."

I agreed with him, so he fell in step beside me and we walked in silence for several minutes, the snow still falling steadily about us. The landscape all around was bare and desolate, save for the tall, gaunt pines dimly distinguished. Suddenly my comrade grasped my arm:

"Look!" he exclaimed, "isn't that a light? Can it be possible that someone lives in these lonely regions?"

Far back from the road, through the storm and darkness, glimmered a small bright light, evidently coming from some habitation.

"Maybe we can find shelter there, come!" He grasped me again by the arm and we hurried toward the light.

It came from a tiny, almost tumble down shack, standing alone. When we reached the steps a dog sent up a violent barking and a trembling sort of voice asked, "Who's there?" "Two travelers seeking shelter," I answered, and immediately the door was opened by a thin, white-haired man. "Come in," he said, and as we stepped into the light and warmth my companion shuddered and uttered a low exclamation. The inside of the shack was bare, but a roaring fire crackled and blazed on an open hearth and we immediately walked up to it and made ourselves comfortable. My friend of the journey did not take his eyes off our host, and I also was interested in this strange character who secluded himself in such a forbidding locality. He spoke little, and when he did he did not look at us. He was pale and feeble and seemed like one who had grown old before his time. I longed to question him and finally, my curiosity getting the better of my scruples, I spoke:

"Would you mind telling me, sir, why you live all alone in this deserted section?"

For the first time he turned and gave me a searching glance.

"Stranger," he said, "you are the first people who have come here in many years. If I should answer your question will you go away to-night and leave me here in peace? Do you promise that?" He scanned my face eagerly. I scented a mystery at once. "I promise and so will my friend," I answered promptly.

Our host drew up a chair and sat down beside me. I noticed that he breathed hard. "I—my heart is weak—you will pardon me," he muttered apologetically—"but now I will tell you my story." He spoke in a high and tremulous voice. "I and my younger brother were greatly attached to each other. By our father's will we were left a great stretch of land about here which had always remained neglected and uncultivated though the soil was not bad. Sometime after our father's death we came here to look over the land and decided what could be done with it. A quarrel arose over the division of the property as we were walking along beside the stream. I

had a terribly violent temper and I became more and more infuriated and finally I lifted a stout walking stick I carried and—struck my brother—on the head." His voice rose almost to a shriek. I tried to calm him, but he went on haltingly. "The blow staggered him, so that he fell into the stream and drowned. He was dead, and I was guilty of taking his life. I ran, ran, maddened, until I reached the town. But I could not stay there—my conscience troubled me too greatly, so I came back. I went to the stream, but my brother's body was gone—washed away by the current. I built this shack and have lived —far away from people, far away from everything—doing penance, for ten long years. See, I am making a clock, and when it is finished—I shall die."

And sure enough, there in a corner stood a huge wooden clock, a wonderful piece of handiwork. I glanced at my comrade and was startled by the terrible expression on his face. His eyes glittered more brightly than usual, he was breathing hard and gripping the arms of the chair convulsively. Finally he said:

"Wait! Your story is not yet done! *I* shall finish. After your brother had lain in the stream for some time a traveler, a wanderer, passed and dragged him out—alive. Yes, alive. And the traveler bound up his wound and managed to get him to the town where in due time he fully recovered, but he vowed he would go where he would not be near the old associations, so he went away into another state and he prospered, and finally he began to wonder what had happened to his brother. He followed up every clue and searched and searched until, at last, by chance—he came upon you—here to-night."

I had listened to this speech horrified, aghast, looking from one man to the other. The older man's eyes were opened wide in terror—he breathed harder and harder, and when my companion finished speaking he cried shrilly, "Will! My brother!" and fell to the floor.

Hastily I raised him to a sitting position. He opened his eyes, and extended his hand, as if imploring forgiveness. My companion seized the hand within both his own, and kneeling beside his brother assured him of forgiveness. But the excitement was too great for the frail man to withstand. A smile of contentment and joy revealed a mind and conscience at peace. Then his eyes closed and his heart ceased to beat. He was buried beside the stream near which he had spent so many years in penance.

"And His Name Was Booth"

By Irving Gibson Idler.

HIS name was Booth—Joshua Obadiah Booth. All of the nineteen years of his life, or existence, as it might be termed, had been spent in the little town of Puxtawahny. Booth's parents had died when he was but a baby, and kind old farmer Bush had given him a home. Booth had an ambition, even though he did live in Puxtawahny, where nothing moved but time. Yes, Joshua Obadiah had an ambition—to appear in the movies! He had been to the movies just once. That was when the S. & S. had run a one track road through Puxtawahny and the town had celebrated by holding "New Era Day," on which movies were shown at the Town Hall. From that day on Joshua became dissatisfied with his lot in Puxtawahny, and longed to go to "the big city" to enter the movies.

He had purchased a book, entitled, "Become a Movie Actor." In the privacy of his attic room he practiced religiously. He registered hate, love, fear, and jealousy as they had never been registered before. When he practiced dramatic monologues, which the book said would give him more expression—well—the hired girl said she had never heard anything like it, except when old Parson Perkins had found a lead quarter in the collection plate.

One night Booth suddenly made up his mind, packed all his belongings and left Puxtawahny the next morning on the 7:58. While on the way he indulged in day dreaming, and even let his mind run so far as to imagine himself back in his old home town, sometime later, at the wheel of one of those twelve-cylinder battle-cruisers.

The following morning found Joshua in front of a huge concrete building, whose roof was completely of glass. In bold brass letters Booth read: MULTIGRAPH PICTURES INC. Now that the opportunity which he had so long wished for, was before him, Booth felt quite nervous. Nevertheless he entered the office. There was no one there at the time and as Joshua looked through the opposite doorway he could see the studio proper, where several reels were in the making. Curiosity drove him on. He stepped in.

The whole place was covered by a blue light, which came from huge arc lights suspended from the ceiling in an endeavor to help nature by providing enough light for taking the pictures. In one corner was a director bawling out "props" for dressing a scene wrong. In another the scene painters were putting the finishing touches to a background of New York's skyscrapers. To the

left was a director making a strenuous plea for more "business" in a dramatic scene, while on the right, one of those slap-stick comedians in which numerous pies are used, was being filmed. The studio people and members of the company were going to and fro, completing the effect on Booth. He was amazed at the hub-bub. In his curiosity Joshua did not notice that he had overstepped one of the many white lines on the floor.

"For the love of a ten reel thriller, get back from that line," bawled a temperamental director, referring to the boundary line of his set. Joshua, embarrassed, stepped back amid a chorus of laughter.

At this moment a gentleman, who happened to be Robert Williams, the general manager, approached Booth and asked him his business.

Joshua, not yet over his amazement and embarrassment, awkwardly inquired whether he could get a job as an actor in this company.

The manager could scarcely keep from laughing, as he surveyed this lean and lanky country boy, and was just about to pronounce the words which would give Booth's ambitions a severe setback when Ralph Brookes, a director of the company, who had been staring at Joshua for the last few moments, broke in.

"Put him on as an extra, Bob," he urged, "I think I can use him to-morrow in 'The Country Rube.' He's quite the real thing."

Booth, overlooking the witticism, felt much elated when he was engaged and ordered to come around in the morning.

When the young hopeful appeared, he was ordered to a seat in a large bus, which was to take the company on "location." Their objective point, a pretty little farm house with a picturesque little path leading to a unique vine-covered gate, was soon reached.

Upon their arrival Brookes made things hum. "We'll take scene nine first," he announced. In filming a scenario, the director pays no attention to the order of events or scenes, but "shoots" the scene that is most convenient at that time. "Miss Dale," he called, "you are a young country girl, loved by a country lad, Booth, *that's you* (Booth colored), but a city chap, that's your part, Thomas, has lured you away from your country lover by stories of the city, and you have promised him, Miss Dale, to run away to the city with him. You resolve to tell your country lover of your decision. Do you all understand?"

All nodded assent.

"In this scene," continued Brookes, "Miss Dale stands at the gate, gazing down the road with a sort of far-away look on her face. Booth, you come up the road from the opposite direction. I will give you all necessary directions."

Brookes decided to go through it once as he did not trust Booth to the extent that he could "shoot" the scene without a rehearsal.

"Now, Booth, ready to get the gate," joked Brookes, "all set? go! Come on Booth, a little speed—don't look at me—Miss Dale you are looking in the opposite direction—Booth you see her—that's it—advance—Miss Dale you are still gazing in the opposite direction. Stand, Booth, you look at her fondly—register love (he registered)—*love,* I said, you've registered nothing but idiocy," gasped Brookes.

Booth gulped, bit his lip and summoned up his courage. "Well, maybe that's my idea of love."

The director groaned and sank down on a convenient camp stool. Booth stood awkwardly by, while the rest of the company engaged in a loud guffaw.

After much more rehearsing Brookes decided to take a chance and start "shooting." "Remember, register *love,*" drawled Brookes sarcastically to Joshua. "Camera ready, Edwards? (Edwards nodded) now steady, go!" The camera clicked, Booth came up the road and the director began his rapid-fire commands. All went well until the country hero reached the gate. Whether it was Miss Dale's charming beauty or whether it was a loss of words, no one knew, but Booth just stood there and gazed—and gazed, without saying a word.

"Speak to her, say *something,*" bellowed Brookes, "you look like the Sphinx, only not so intelligent," he added. Booth managed to finish the scene without committing any more blunders.

"Now we'll take scene twelve," spoke Brookes, "in this scene, the city fellow comes to take the girl away and the country chap turns up to prevent him. A fight ensues. Let's see what pep. you fellows can put into this." Brookes gave the final orders and blew the whistle. The camera began to grind. Everything went smoothly until Joshua's entry.

"Ready for the scrap, boys," shouted the director through his megaphone, "punch him, Booth, that's it, don't be afraid to hit him—you're not playing tag—now both of you—mix it up—a little action—*action,* I said—this isn't a love scene—you two act like a couple of pacifists—now, Thomas, you knock him out—*rotten!*"

Crack! Thomas' first landed on Booth's chin!

Thud! Booth's long body hit the ground and lay there like a log.

* * * * * *

Behind the old Bush homestead in the town of Puxtawahny sat Joshua Obadiah Booth, his chin carefully bound in gauze. He was stirring up the remnants of a fire, which he had made a short time before. There remained nothing but a few charred bits of paper, on one of which it was barely possible to make out the letters, which formed the words, "Become a Movie Actor."

A Rebel's Strategy

By Mary Fisher.

THE November sun, like a ball of fire, had dropped beneath the horizon, leaving the western Virginia sky bathed in a golden glory. But what a scene of desolation and destruction had it left behind! Fire swept forests and fields as well as the ruins of once beautiful homes.

In the valley of the James some forty miles from Richmond the devastation was indeed pitiful. No home was habitable save the fine old Colonial dwelling of General Saunders. The wings of that old homestead showed evidence of the ravages of flames, but the main building with its broad veranda was but slightly marked by the flames.

A girlish figure stood on the veranda gazing at the fading beauty of the sunset. Then she glanced about the valley. Tears started to her eyes, but a sudden wave of intense hatred overcame her momentary sadness.

"The vandals, the heartless brutes!" she burst forth passionately, "they *shall* not, they *cannot* conquer us. Oh, my South, my bleeding South, you shall never surrender; you shall win, *win!*"

Burying her face in her hands, she sank down on the steps, weeping heart-brokenly.

"Daddy, daddy," she sobbed wretchedly, "shall I have lost you in vain? Shall all our sacrifices be in vain? No, no, God is just."

The sound of hoof beats roused her. She leaped to her feet, started through the doorway, then turned back and waited, erect and motionless for the unknown riders to approach. She could distinguish several forms in the deepening dusk, and, as the riders dismounted and approached the house, she recognized the blue uniform of the Union soldiers. She did not move when a light was flashed upon her, but stood silent and impassive, staring at the intruders, four in number.

"Good evening, madam. May we trouble you for food and shelter for the night?" spoke the leader, a young, boyish looking officer.

"What if I should refuse?" flashed the girl defiantly.

"I should very much regret to be compelled to use force, but it will be necessary, if you do not allow us to enter." His tone was courteous, but determined.

The girl wavered, then led the way into a scantily furnished dining room, that had evidently seen better days. The men sank wearily into chairs about the table, and ate hungrily the meagre repast set before them by a colored servant, the only remaining guardian of her mistress.

The girl stood back from the table in the shadow of the lamp. She coldly discouraged any attempt on the part of the young officer to hold a conversation with her. A vague, familiar look about him disturbed her.

"Have you sleeping quarters for my men and me?" questioned the officer.

The girl nodded. Three years of war had taught her the futility of argument and evasion.

"Mammy, show them the way," she said shortly, turning to the old negress who had remained beside her mistress.

The men followed their guide from the room, but the officer lingered behind. Something in the hopeless look of the girl troubled him.

"Please, don't blame me for intruding; you know I had to secure food for my men and myself. This is the only place that seemed to offer encouragement."

"Why? Why is this the only place to offer encouragement? *Your* despicable comrades have destroyed every other home hereabouts. It was but by chance, my home did not burn with the rest. *Your* friends have destroyed our homes, stolen our horses and cattle, and trampled down or burned our crops. They have killed our women and children by hunger and privation; they have been the cause of all our misery and suffering. But we are not beaten yet. We shall fight to the last man if necessary, and we shall make you pay dearly for our suffering. She spoke fiercely, passionately, her voice trembling with emotion.

"I'm sorry you feel so bitter," he said slowly. Then seeing that his presence annoyed her, he turned and left the room.

Was she dreaming or did he really smile as he left the room? The same feeling of having seen him before came over her. She stood for a moment lost in thought, with a perplexed frown between her pretty dark eyes. Then quick as a flash she opened the casement window and stepped into the night. She crept along steadily until she came to a strip of woodland, then ran lightly and swiftly toward the Confederate camp.

"Halt!"

"Fred Kingsley, is that you?"

"Grace Saunders! What brings you here?"

"Quick, tell Captain Funstead, a Union officer and three men are at my home. I shall leave the side entrance open. Hurry!" Without waiting for a reply, she returned as quickly as she had come. Very quietly she slipped through the window and entered the room, to find herself with the Union officer.

"How soon will they be here?" he asked calmly.

She started but said nothing. She stood star-

(*Continued on page* 30.)

From Obscurity to Fame

By Frances Grossel.

IT was evening. The sun gradually faded out of sight leaving the sky emblazoned with a glorious orange, which slowly changed to a purplish tint. The lake was beautiful in its calmness. Its mirror-like surface reflected the color of the sky, making the lake appear as if there were a fire in its depths. The trees and flowers on the surrounding hill tops sent forth their dewy fragrance. Every leaf was perfectly still. It all betokened peace.

From his hut on the hillside, Edward Hadleigh gazed at the beauties of nature around him. To him it was novel. He was the great Edward Hadleigh of London. After a successful season of opera singing, he was utterly exhausted as a result of everlasting parties and banquets given in his honor. Without breathing a word to a soul, he had retreated to the hills of Scotland and was now for the first time exulting in the beauty of nature. He loved the simple life of the Highlands, and often visited them. He was a source of great delight to all the children.

As he was standing at the door, inhaling the sweet odor of the flowers, he heard a moaning sound which seemed to eminate from a nearby tree. He looked around but could find no one. Suddenly it stopped and to his ears came the sweetest melody he had ever heard. He immediately went in search of its origin.

Soon he came upon a child huddled under a tree. It was she who was singing the song. At close observation he saw that she was one of his little friends. Jane Weatherly, a child of about eight years.

He took her up in his arms and brushed the tears from her eyes and asked:

"Jane, dear, who taught you that beautiful little song you were singing?"

"My mother," replied the child.

"And how is your mother this fine evening?" further questioned Hadleigh.

"Oh," sobbed Jane afresh, "Oh, my poor mother, she is dead. The neighbors are all at our house now. I can't bear to stay there; so I came out here and cried and cried. But I remembered my mother told me all good people go to heaven, where they are very, very happy. Then I stopped crying, for my mother will surely go to heaven. She was so good. She will see my father, too. "Oh," Jane sobbed again, "I shall never hear my mother sing again. She sang so beautifully. I am all alone, all alone."

Edward Hadleigh was very much touched by the sorrow of the child. He took her by the hand, to lead her home, when he suddenly remembered the song he had heard her sing. He asked her to repeat it, which she gladly did. The simplicity of the song and the beauty of her voice, made him, the great Edward Hadleigh, quiver in every fibre of his being.

He was moved to sudden compassion for the lonely child. He accompanied her to her humble home.

After the burial rites were over she was very tired, and soon fell asleep in Edward's arms. He laid her gently down. Then he went on a tour of inspection through the two rooms of the house. Everything looked poverty-stricken. One piece of furniture attracted his attention. It was so out of keeping with its surroundings. Here was a rare and costly object. It was a chest, the cover and sides of which were engraved with fantastic scrolls. On the front was a painting of two large birds. It was uniquely beautiful. He lifted the lid and was surprised to see sheets upon sheets of music. It was not very well written, but written well enough to convey to Hadleigh the composer's depth of feeling. He hummed the music, sheet after sheet, each one beautiful and touching.

He had almost forgotten the sleeping child in the next room, until he heard her coming to him.

The child clapped her hands in ecstasy. She had a passionate fondness for music, and the mellow though subdued voice of Hadleigh filled her with delight.

"Who wrote this music, Jane?" questioned he.

"My mother wrote it," she replied. "She told me that she had taken music lessons when she was a little girl; but had to stop when she was sixteen years old. She never could tell me more for she would begin to cry."

"Some misfortune must have befallen her. Such talent," mused Hadleigh.

It was fifteen years later. The London Opera House was filled to its capacity. Every one was excited with the expectation of hearing Jane of Scotland, *alias* Theodore Le Dur.

The Opera House became dark; the curtains were slowly drawn. A soft prelude came from the orchestra. All else was silent.

A beautiful young woman appeared upon the stage, and she began to sing. Her rich tones vibrated through the entire house. The audience was enthused not only by her beautiful voice, but also by the melody she sang.

In the box at the right sat Edward Hadleigh. At last had come his moment of triumph. He had unceasingly and untiringly instructed and trained Jane; and at last he had his recompense.

For a full moment the audience sat spellbound. Then applause such as that house rarely heard re-echoed from pit to dome.

(*Continued on page 32.*)

"Somewhere in New Jersey"

By Burke Boyce.

June 20, 1917.

DEAR TOM:

Well, here I am! Out on a farm "Somewhere in New Jersey," doin' my "bit" for Uncle Sammy an' recovering from a winter at school as well. I just got here this A. M., so I haven't had much time to look around. But gee!! there's an awful bunch of rubes out here. You ought to have seen the faces of the loafers at the 'deepo,' as they call it here, when I jumped off the train carryin' my two suit-cases. I heard one lean, lanky gink say to the others, "By cracky, he must think he's movin' house with them two trunks of his'n. What does he think this is up here, anyway, a Cabaretty show?" Why, Tom, I nearly laughed in the poor boob's face. Does he think I'm goin' to all these hay-rides an' barn dances in my overalls? No—o sir—e—e! I'm goin' to have a blame good time up here while you are slavin' away in school, an' I have to have clothes, don't I?

Say, this is a swell place, though. The farm-house is three-fourths up a long, easy slope, facin' the top of it, with a dusty road in front of it and a barley field and apple orchard just across the road; to the back of the house the slope stretches for maybe half a mile; then comes another slope with a 25-acre field of oats growin' on it, with a big cornfield right next to it, on top of the hill. A little, dinky, single-track railroad runs through the hollow formed by the two hills. The trains run about twice a day, and the only excitin' thing about them is that every once in a while somebody gets reckless an' rides on 'em. The house has a bear of a back porch, and from it you can just barely see if anyone is standing at the edge of the cornfield. That shows you how big the place is; 250 acres in the whole caboodle. Some farm!

Well, there goes the dinner gong, an' I'm hungry. So long, write soon. Yours, Ed.

June 22, 1917.

Dear Tom:

Well, I've been here two days, and it seems like a week. Work! Say, I thought I was strong, but out here they expect you to lift a sack of potatoes with one hand, and hold a team of fighting horses with the other. The farmer was kinda' mad when he found out that I couldn't. But he wasn't as mad as might have been if the wagon had got busted. However, he had to chase those horses for two miles before he caught them. He left me lyin' in the road with potatoes all around me, till the farmer's wife came out an' took me in the house. She fixed me all up nice, an' put me to bed, so here I am. The wagon wasn't busted, as I told you before, but the farmer and his hired help had considerable of a time turnin' it right side up again. He says the next time he wants to load potatoes he'll hide me in the barn, so's the horses won't take me for a gnat.

Yours in disgust, Ed.

June 30.

Great Scott, Tom:

I thought all you had to do on a farm was to sit under an apple tree with the latest novel in your hand, and apples free for the pickin', and watch the crops grow. But it seems that the crops need a blame sight more watchin' than I thought. In fact, they need so much watching that I haven't even had time to get into the orchard, much less settle down with a book. Honest, Tom, this farming stunt isn't so different from school, after all. Instead of diggin' out the case of a Latin noun, analyzing an English sentence, or layin' out a problem in Geometry, I have to dig out potatoes, analyze the feelin's of a Jersey bull, and lay out a proper course for the hay-rake.

But dead? Say, this place is deader'n two door nails. There hasn't been a dance or a hay-ride for two weeks. But I hear they all have a swell time on the Fourth of July, so yours truly will be in on the fun. Ed.

P. S. The farmer's wife has hid my sport shirts and classy neckties so that I wouldn't get the bull ravin,' but I think I can get some for the Fourth. E.

July 6.

Well, Tom:

I've written at last. I'd have written sooner, but I couldn't see very well, and they said that I'd better rest awhile. Of course, if there'd been a pond around it would have been all right, but there wasn't anything but this bloomin' mud-puddle. I suppose I should have known better than to sit on a thing like that, anyway, but I was mad, and I didn't care what I did. So were they, too, after I'd sat on them. But I might as well tell you the whole thing.

Fourth of July came, and everybody from five miles around flocked to our house. They'd all brought their lunches with them, and gee, they were a funny-lookin' outfit. Just like these rubes you see at the circus. Well, we piled into two or three hay-wagons, and away we went. After I'd got settled, I looked around to see who (or what) I was sitting next to. On the left I saw the back of a nifty sun-bonnet, an' I thought I was going to enjoy myself. I was on the outside, so there wasn't anyone on the other side to bother us. Then the sun-bonnet turned around and pointed my way, and Tom,

I nearly fainted! The "beautiful girl" in the sun-bonnet was the silliest, homeliest, most idiotic-lookin' little old lady I've ever had the hard luck to see.

And, to make it worse, she started jabberin' to me about the city. It seems that she visited New York once, when horse-cars were a fad, and hadn't ever recovered from the effects. And she asked me if I didn't think five-story buildings were dangerous, and all sorts of such questions. Don't ask me how I skinned through that ride, but I did, and finally we arrived. Everybody piled out of the wagons, and began to get things ready for the eats. It was a dandy place for a picnic; just at the top of a steep precipice with soft, fresh grass carpetin' an open space surrounded by big oak trees, with a tiny spring bubbling up out of a rock about twenty paces away in the woods. The kind of place we have to rave about in "Milton."

We all scattered, lookin' around, and enjoying ourselves. I had just wandered off on a scoutin' expedition when I heard a yell from the grove. I ran back, and there was my friend the old lady yellin' like mad, and ravin' something awful. By and by, when she could talk without chokin' on the words, she told the awful story. It seems that she had gone to the edge of the precipice to look over, and as she did so, she had to sneeze. 'Twas a right valiant sneeze, but her false teeth took offense at such treatment, and departed, wendin' their way lovingly down the cliff, leaving the old lady at the top yellin' bloody murder. Well, nothin' would do but that that "dear boy from the city" must go down and get them, which was me, of course. There wasn't any help for it, so I went. I climbed down, found her old teeth all intact on a clump of moss, and struggled slowly back, bein' about two hours "en route," as Monsieur would say.

When I got to the top, I found that the party had got tired of waiting for me, and had eaten the grub and were sittin' around thinkin' of startin' home. I was mighty hot under the collar, but there was nothin' to do, so I did it. I wandered off into the woods, and as I was tired, I sat down on an old gray log that was handy. That's where I made my fatal mistake. The harmless log turned out to be a wasps' nest, the wasps turned out to avenge the insult, so I turned out an' beat it. But I was licked from the starting line. The wasps just sort of smothered me, so I began to yell for help. Just then I saw a little, dinky, mud-puddle about ten yards ahead, so I made for that. The wasps beat me to the tape, and were waitin' lovin'ly for me as I splashed to the finish. But all they could settle on was my head after I got into the water, Also, right here's where I wish I hadn't had my good clothes on. Overalls have their advantages sometimes. Well then, people began to run towards me with chunks of burnin' wood from the fire, and pretty soon they had the old stingers licked off the field. I tried to get up and thank them for rescuin' me from them bloodthirsty critters, but I went and fainted, like the heroine at the end of the second act.

I woke up in bed the next mornin', and here I am. But I've almost recovered, and will be able to work in a couple of days. The farmer says he's goin' to let me drive the horses that pull up the hay wagons into the barn, but I'll explain that to you later.

I'm strong for humor, but if you dare to say I got stung on the farm, I'll bust your bean.

Your friend, Ed.

July 20.

Well, Old Boy,

I haven't written for a long time, I know, but I seem to be busier an' busier every day. However, I enjoy it very much. All except the harvesting. Too early for harvesting? Not on your life. We were getting in the barley yesterday, and I drove the wagon. I had to stand on this jostling, jerkin' affair an' drive from barley-pile to barley-pile. The stuff lay in fairly regular rows, scattered along the ground. There were three men helping, the farmer on one side, his two hired help on the other. They didn't seem to care how they smothered me. They just kept piling on, an' pilin' on till I was almost covered. Finally, when I was almost hidden, I yelled out that I thought that they had enough for one load. But all I got for my pains was another forkful of barley right on the bean, and a yell from the farmer to keep on top of the stuff. Well, I turned around and started to climb up out of the hole I was in, and believe me, I don't ever want to be buried in a barley stack again. But I finally got out on top, and I saw that they had piled the thing up way over their heads. It was ten feet from the ground and still going up. I wondered how I was ever going to stick on the top. Finally, when they had piled the top of the load fully fifteen feet from the ground, the farmer climbed on and took the reins away from me to my great joy. He drove us to the barn, where he hopped off, and told me to fall off, too. I obeyed in a very precise way. I started to slide off gently, feet first, but I seemed to turn over on the way down, and landed on my head, snugglin' my ear into a cute little dust pile. The farmer laughed, and said he didn't mean for me to take his words so much to heart. So then I laughed, too, and it was all right. The farmer is a bloomin' good skate, you bet. Well then, the farmer unhitched the horses and led them to the back of the barn, where he hitched them to a long rope with a lot of pulleys an' such stuff.

Now, this farmer seemed to be the most ambitious guy around, and he had built a runway for his hay wagons from the ground up to the second floor of the barn, so's he could fill the

barn easier, it bein' handier to pitch hay down fifty feet than up fifty feet. The runway was just two narrow tracks for the wagon wheels; nothin' for a person to walk on. It seems that the old geezer had fixed for me to drive the horses that pulled the fool wagon up. The horses walked along the ground floor for about fifty feet, and the thing was done. Very simple. Oh, yes, very. On the second trip the horses balked, and not a mite would the slatherin' brutes go. An' ther was the poor old farmer, on the wagon, halfway up the runway, cussin' like anything. I couldn't unhitch the beasts, for the wagon would slide down. Well, there I was, and there the *farmer* was, with all prospects of stayin' there till lunch time. But finally the old guy settled it by gettin' down on hands and knees and crawlin' down the runway. Some ticklish job it was, but it was funny too see him hangin' on, with his old beard agoin' up and down as he expressed his feelin's. Of course, that put me out of that job again, so all I could do was feed the pigs. But just the same, I think I might like the place if I stayed long enough.

Yours, Ed.

September 1.

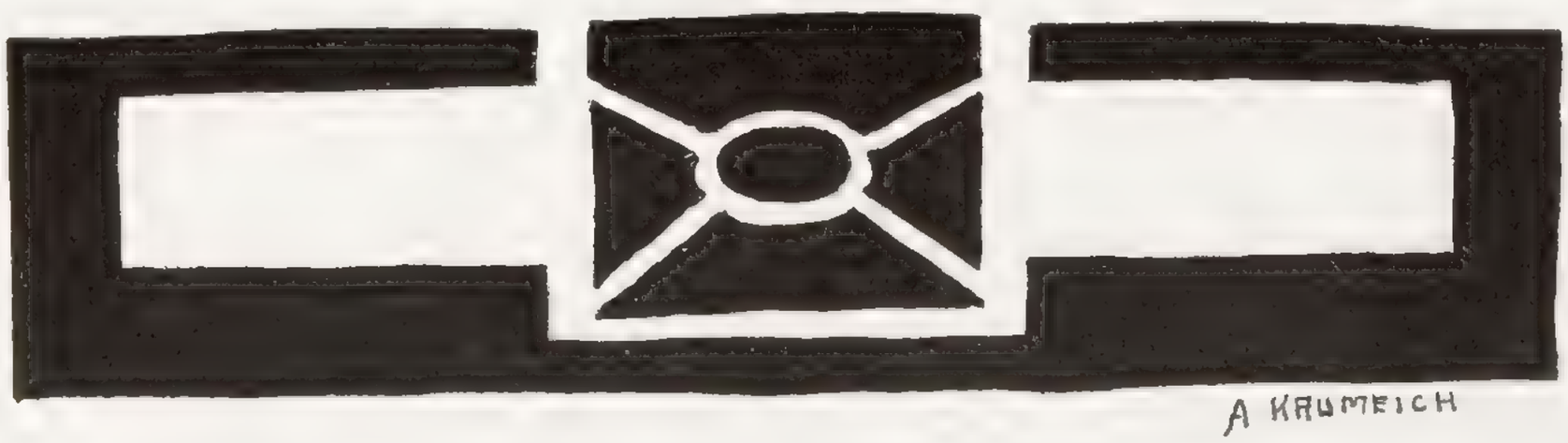
Dear Tom:

Well, the summer's nearly finished, and so am I. But gee, I've had a mighty fine time out here. I've had to work like a Trojan, but I've enjoyed it. Say, I got my first day off yesterday. No, I didn't go into the apple orchard with a book. Hardly. When we got up, it was cloudy and rather chilly. We did the chores, and started in to plow (they plow in Fall and Spring both to loosen the ground more). But pretty soon it began to rain cats and dogs. We beat it for the house, and when we got in the farmer said that I'd worked pretty hard all sommer, and that he would give me a day off. Oof!!! Nothin' to do but mope around the house; and when I started in to play ragtime, the farmer's wife came in and told me that they never played anything but hymns on their piano, so I stopped mighty quick. I wandered round a bit, chased the cat, wrote a letter, and took a snooze. Very exciting.

Then all of a sudden I thought of my trap that I had set the day before for rabbits or squirrels or any little animal like that. So I went out. I came to the trap and sure enough I'd caught something. The stick to which I'd fastened the trap was torn up and I could see where it'd been dragged along the ground. I followed the marks, and pretty soon I came to a hole, with my stick lyin' crosswise over the top of it. I reached down and gave the stick a yank, and I saw a pair of green eyes lookin' at me, and heard a chatterin.' I didn't know what the thing was, so I went and got a stick about five feet long an' tied it to the stick on the trap so's the beast couldn't bite me. Then I backed away from the hole, and pulled my catch out. 'Twas a real pretty sort of a creature: Wide black and white stripes runnin' down its back from its nose to its tail. I put the pole over my shoulder and started home with it, with the animal bobbin' up an' down behind me. It seemed to be trying' mighty hard to get in to a horizontal position with its back to me, and I noticed it was scared, for it had its tail between its legs. Finally I reached home, and yelled for them to look at my catch. I was standin' there proud as life, when all of a sudden I smelt the most awful, sickenin', chokin' smell I ever came across. Poison gas had nothin' on that. At the same time an upper story window opened and the farmer's wife stuck her head out. "Here's some clean clothes for you," she yelled. "Go into the hog-house and put them on ye. But for mercy's sake don't come near the house till you do. And THROW THAT ANIMAL AWAY!!" "Why should I throw my catch away?" I yelled back, "and what kind of an animal is it anyway, and what's makin' that awful smell?" "Your beast is makin' that smell," she answered, "IT'S A SKUNK!!!"

So there you are, Tom. My last and greatest mistake on the farm. I'll be home Monday, and sure will be glad to see you all; but Tom, I hate like the mischief to leave this place. I've had a dandy time all summer. Well, so long, see you Monday.

Yours, Ed.



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NEWARK, N. J. TUESDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1917.

THE NEW STATE LAW.

We have all heard of the new State law which requires that at least one hundred and fifty minutes a week be devoted to physical training, the study of Hygiene and of Civics. We rejoice to see this done. We know that every boy and girl who enters into this new line of work with serious thought will be benefited, for this is a step toward true preparedness—the preparedness for which the great men of the country have long been working and hoping.

But there is another phase of the matter which for many of us is serious—the extra half-hour. Those who work after school find it even harder to do both work and lessons in the shorter time; those who must study in the afternoon are prevented from getting through while the sun is still shining, and those in the higher classes, whose duties often require them to stay after school hours, find themselves reaching home around five o'clock. We are afraid that none of us liked the idea very much at first. But now that we are fairly used to it, let us take another view of the matter. Let us look at it in this way. . . . Every man, woman and child is expected, as Lord Nelson expressed it, "to do his duty." Our duty, the duty of the coming generation, is to prepare and strengthen ourselves for the demands of to-morrow. To this end, physical training and strictest discipline are absolutely essential; the knowledge of Government is also necessary. That is what we ought to learn, and that is what we are going to learn. And if the extra half-hour is indispensable, who will not give that half-hour gladly to his country?

THE SANCTUM.

Again it becomes necessary to write the same old editorial about the Sanctum. Namely, that the Sanctum is for members of the Acropolis Board and FOR THEM ONLY!! Furthermore, members of the Board are not wanted there when they have no specific business in

the place. The Sanctum is distinctly a business office, not a rendezvous for luncheon picnickers or detention room cutters. We do not like to be so curt and peremptory, but there are times when it is necessary.

Why is it that every Board has the same trouble keeping loungers out of the Sanctum? The place has ceased to be "all that the name implies." But this year try to remember this reasonable request and make things easier for the ACROPOLIS by keeping away from the Sanctum.

THAT CARD OF YOURS.

Well, how does your card look, fellow student? Remember, it's the way you start out the first month that gives the key-note to your term's work. That "blank" in history and that little inverted nine in French must be something a good deal better by January, or you'll be given an opportunity to repeat the work next term.

"Every little bit helps." A "not prepared" results almost as certainly in a failure for that day as a misunderstanding of the subject after good time has been spent upon it. It's the day by day preparation of each lesson that brings the eights and nines on your card at the end of the month. And when you do that, there's no reason for cramming for tests the night before. The Flunkers' Club is getting too popular. In fact, some people take it as a matter of course that they won't pass that new subject this term. "Why, that was the first term I'd taken it!" they exclaim in self-justification when questioned as to why they are reviewing two out of four subjects.

But there is no excuse for being satisfied with barely passing marks, conditions, and probations, when you're perfectly healthy and don't have to work after school. Let's make this a record year for Barringer, so that summer school will be an unnecessary means of making one's grade.

Did you notice that dandy big list of "neither absent nor tardy for the term" people in last month's ACROPOLIS? Wasn't that great? The ACROPOLIS would favor the publication each term of a list of those graduates who complete the work without a failure in any subject in the four years' course. How would you like to see your name in print in such a list? Most of us can place our names there if we *try*. Let's try.

"OUR HEROES."

Army—Edward Barney, John Bray, Leslie Casler, Fred DeHart, Emilio D'Onofiro, Gilbert Gregory, Bennett Harrison, Robert L. Mackenzie, Howard Maze, Judd Neal, Beekman Schaeffer, Arthur Schmidt, Lansing TenEyck, Leopold Weinstein.

Marine Corps—John Bergly, William Crecca.

Navy—Lloyd Cox, Willard Crofut, Robert McChesney.

Royal Flying Corps—Stanley MacLaughlin, J. Warner Bellah.

Signal Corps—Gerard Abbott.

HONOR ROLL.

4A Room 31. Ethel Gansler, Fred Green, Louis Kanengieser, Robert Mapletoft.

4B Room 26. Charles Frazier, Morris Kleinman.
Room 61. Marion Smith.

3A Room 25. William Fleishfarb.
Room 41. Edmund Cox, William Gleim.
Room 66. Elsie Steinmetz.

3B Room 37. Clarissa Hulse, Hymen Levy.
Room 55. Edward King.

2A Room 33. Esther Lefkowitz, Charles Brewer.
Room 35. Marguerite Rusby.
Room 59. Olga Langenecker, Frances Gardinier.

2B Room 42. Eda Ahr, Gertrude Meister, Lena Olshan, Matilda Strasburger, Marion Thompson.
Room 43. Isabel Cary, Walter Scott.
Room 45. Clare Coult, Fanny Jones, Dorothy Kitchen, Mary Meeker, Katherine Wicks.
Room 67. Irene Curtin, Margaret Foster, Sherman Corwin.
Room 85. Harriet James.

1A Room 60. Arline Alsopp, Dorothy Stone, Elizabeth Wehner, Stanley Doremus, Clifton Smith.
Room 69. Florence Meyerson, Helen Poppke.
Room 75. Ethel Carter, Charles Caddock, Harry Haussling.
Room 82. Marcus Block.
Room 86. Sam Ehrenkranz.

1B Room 39. Minnie Arace, Ida Dill.
Room 76. Madeline McMullin, Laura Stelhens, Wallace Fern.
Room 81. Helen Finn, Dorothy McCance, Irene Murphy, Blanche Nixon, Margarita Slater.
Room 87. Mary Margaret Barr, Constance Carpenter, Eleanor Foster, Ruth Gregory, Arlien Hatch, Margaret Kohn, Stuart Blodgett.
Room 91. Fred Frost.
Room 92. Helen Stone, Gondolfo Rizzo.
Room 93. Ruth Mesmer.
Room 95. Annie Dillingham, Florence Wandling.

This is the shortest Honor Roll we have had in a long time. Wake up, Studes! Don't forget the "beauty of scholarship."

SCHOOL NEWS.

EMMA ANTZ, *Ch.*
ROSE NUSSBAUM
ESTELLE KAMM
SANFORD GREGORY

BBBB CLASS MEETING.

A meeting of the 4B class was held on Monday, September 17th, to elect officers. The meeting was fairly well attended. Charles Pilling was elected president, and the whole class agree that he will be a "live wire." The way in which he took charge of things at once was a sure indication of his ability. The popular Josephine Florence held her own against all comers for the vice-presidency. Altha Gray won from a formidable list of opponents, the position of secretary, while Jack Bryden was considered honest enough to handle the class funds as treasurer. We wish the officers success.

An amusing incident arose during the election of president. The votes were cast and counted, and were found to be exactly even. At this moment one of the counters spied another vote lying half-hidden on the table. He opened it and saw, written across the paper, the word "NEUTRAL." He asked who had written it, and Jerry Caruso, of Room 56, put up his hand. Caruso was then asked to tell who he favored. He hesitated for a few moments, while everyone held his breath. Then slowly, calmly, he uttered the word "Pilling."

The president appointed a Pin and Ring Committee to look up the question of cost, type, size, etc. The Chairman is Helen Sheehan, and the members are: from Room 56, Elizabeth Bethards and Burke Boyce; from 26, Richard Bauchelle; Room 61, Madeline Holter, Lambert Pickwick; Room 32, Ailleen Moffat, Parker Herbell.

Then, as there was no further business, the meeting adjourned.

The monthly meeting for October was held on Monday, October 1st. A large part of the class was present, and voted to put off the question of rings and pins a little longer. Helen Sheehan passed around several circulars of the different designs, which were looked at with interest. But no definite design could be agreed upon.

The president made a timely speech upon class dues, urging every member to do his duty. He also added that any suggestion as to the way of raising the money for the moving picture machine which the class has promised the school would be welcome. After a class color committee had been appointed, the meeting adjourned.

BARRINGER DISCUSSION CLUB.

The first meeting of the Barringer Discussion Club was held Tuesday at the Y. M. C. A. There were twenty Barringer fellows there. Good spirit fellows. Supper was served by the Woman's Auxiliary. This was followed by a short business meeting called by President George Wallhauser. The other officers of the club are as follows: Dan Noble, vice-president, and Sam Gregory, secretary. Mr. Palmer Bradner, a Columbia graduate, is going to be counselor again this year. With this support the club should have a successful season.

AA.

There are approximately 700 boys in Barringer, and only 220 AA members! Come on, fellows; invest your quarters in a good way. Be a part of the school you attend. Help vote for the managers of the various teams; decide what fellows should receive their block B's or B 2's, and support the teams in all their efforts to be sportsmen and to win laurels for B. H. S. If you haven't a quarter's worth of school spirit, be a sport anyway, and join to-day.

The first monthly meeting of the AA was held not long ago. In the absence of President Lansing TenEyck, who has joined Battery A, Vice-President Sam Gregory presided. It was voted that Teney remain president, although he is not at school. Mr. Johnson enlightened the fellows as to who is the winner of the last Interscholastic Track Meet. If East Orange's protest again Bartel's, of Stevens, age is sustained, Barringer will be proclaimed the victor. It's taking a long while, boys, but it's worth waiting for. E. Oscar Kilgus, our noted cheer leader, was voted N. J. I. A. A. delegate. Bob Dempsey, who was one of the delegates, has gone to "Kiski." John Foster is the other delegate. Dan Noble is secretary of the AA. Oswald Roth, treasurer; George Wallhauser, Member Faculty Advisory Board; and Bill Kepler is Sergeant-at-Arms.

AAAA.

On Wednesday, September 12, 1917, at a special meeting of the Senior A Class, the following officers were elected: President, Alfred Terhune; Vice-President, Dorothea Sheffmayer;

Secretary, Lucille Hammond; Treasurer, Sanford Gregory.

After some discussion, it was decided to dispense with the regular custom of placing hothouse flowers in the auditorium, and instead, to place there garden flowers as long as possible. The money, which would otherwise be expended for flowers, will be used to make the Barringer boys in the trenches "feel at home."

After deciding to carry on the "Big Sister and Brother Movement," the meeting was adjourned.

THALIANS.

Would you like to become a Thalian?

Have you any dramatic talent? Come, then, and show it, at the "trials."

Can you write a criticism on a play of some value, or an article on some dramatic subject? Write one, then, and hand it to Mr. Crosse or Mr. Milwitzky.

The Thalians will gladly welcome into their midst any Barringer student who can qualify.

At its reorganization meeting the Thalians elected the following officers: Stanley Jacobus, president; Edythe Green, vice-president; Rose Nussbaum, secretary; Mr. Crosse, treasurer.

BURKE BOYCE, CUSTODIAN.

Celina Row, Member Executive Committee
Walter Taylor, Member Executive Committee

After deciding to give a dance, preceded by a short play, in the gym in a month, the meeting adjourned.

THE RADIO CLUB.

The Radio Club was organized quite recently for the purpose of studying the electric telegraph. This was done with the use of a real wireless telegraph outfit, until by "Uncle Sam's" order, it had to be dispensed with. Now, the club is making a study of the codes. Any member of the Science Club, who has passed one year of Physics may become a member of this club.

THE SCIENCE CLUB.

The Science Club is an organization which should be of interest to every student in the school, for, dealing with the botanical, the physical, and the chemical sides of science, it must touch on some phases of the subject, in which certain individuals are interested. At each of its meetings, lectures are given, which afford both profit and pleasure to the hearers. The club will gladly entertain non-members at these meetings, so Barringer students, attend some of them. You won't come out and say, "I was bored to death." You will want to join the club. *Do join it.* The dues are but ten cents per term. You are assured that you will never be sorry for it. Is it necessary for a Barringer club to *ask* you to join? *Join the Science Club now!*

AN APPEAL TO THE GIRLS.

Girls, it ought not to be necessary to appeal to you to join the Surgical Dressings Committee, especially since you are Barringer girls. But now the authorities feel that they must ask you to help. There are only twenty-five girls registered this term in the Barringer unit. This is a very small number and not nearly enough. Don't you think you can spare at least one hour a week to help in so worthy a cause? If so send your name to Miss Pullin, who will enroll you.

Many of you have been knitting, but here is another way of helping. Members of the club make and roll bandages, gauze dressings and slings. Some meet Mondays and some Fridays, 3:45, at 6 Park Place. Miss Helen Nichols directs the work on these days. Try to come and do your "bit."

ATTENTION, EVERYBODY!

The ACROPOLIS has made earnest efforts to secure the names of our Barringer soldier boys, and so far has obtained a fairly good list. But we are not sure that it is complete, and so should welcome any additional names or corrections. We should also be very glad to receive other bits of information about the boys, for the school as a whole, has a deep interest in them, and wishes to know where they are, what they are doing, and how they like it. The ACROPOLIS is the only means that most students have of learning about their friends, and so it makes a special appeal for information of this kind.

AAAA.

On October 3, the 4A's held a meeting in 31, at which a great deal was accomplished. Many things connected to graduation were discussed. The motion was made to round up as many ads as possible for the Senior ACROPOLIS. It was decided to continue the Big Brother Movement. In addition to the usual duties, the 4A's will visit the homes of their charges.

NOTE:—If you know of anyone who will advertise in the Senior ACROPOLIS, give his name to Mr. Milwitzky.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.

OFFICERS.
President, Gertrude Murray.
Vice-President, Rose Nussbaum.
Secretary, Helen O'Connor.
Treasurer, Mary Fisher.

Every Monday afternoon the Girls' Glee Club will meet. If you are looking for an active club, which will give you more than fun, *join the Glee Club.* It gave a fine example of the excellent work it can do when it gave the performance of Haydn's "Creation." If you are going to col-

lege *join the Glee Club.* Your being a member, adds to your record there. The Glee Club at college is the key to the social world.

Besides the fun and æsthetic training you receive as member of a Glee Club you are preparing for higher things. Ability to sing is one of the greatest accomplishments, as it is a high expression of what is in one.

You know that you will be more than repaid by the Glee Club, for the time you give it each week. The dues are only twenty-five cents per term. *Come in and join.* The Barringer Glee Club expects to be asked to take part in a contest soon. *We want Barringer to win.* Won't you come in and help?

SENIOR BOTANY TRIPS.

Motoring has become the fashion for the field trips of the senior classes in botany this year. On Monday, September 17, the senior A class in botany enjoyed a delightful trip to the swampy lands at the head waters of Verona Lake. There they found a dry knoll under a spreading tree that served nicely for an outdoor laboratory. Early in October the botanists motored to Pompton Plains for the purpose of studying upland plants very different from those found at Verona Lake.

Besides these class expeditions, small groups of the 4A class in botany have been enjoying week-end motor trips with Miss Romer to her farm in Hunterdon County. Here the farmers of the class have had the opportunity to recall summer experiences and to show what accomplished farm workers they had become.

THE DRAWING EXHIBIT.

A very pleasant feature of the opening days of school was the exhibition of drawing, design and crafts work held September the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth.

Parents, pupils and members of the faculty viewed the work and there were present also a number of art teachers from the city and elsewhere.

Many pupils of the department both in the two period course, and also those enrolled in the art course, found their "best" work assigned to a place of honor.

One class, small in number, but tireless in energy, had designed attractive posters for several of the school functions, and last spring they did their "bit" when a call came for posters to aid in the recruiting service throughout the city.

The new art course, combining general training with training in art, furnishes an excellent opportunity for gifted pupils. Workers needed in the art world are those who have trained taste and technical ability enriched and sustained by a good-all-around education. Those who have this equipment are armed for success.

3A.

The first meeting of the 3A class organization was held on Monday, September 24. After the treasurer's report had been read and accepted, new officers were elected. They are: Thomas Savage, president; Marion Gilbert, vice-president; Edgar Kilgus, treasurer; Helen Green, secretary.

This class, anxious that no one stay out of the organization for financial reasons, is asking only five-cent dues. The members extend a cordial invitation to all 3A's who have not joined the organization to do so.

Mr. Stearns recently received the following letter from Barney, and feeling sure that the school would be glad to read it, turned it over to the ACROPOLIS. The School News Department will be glad to receive any other letters from Barringerites who have joined the service:

Camp McClellan,
Anniston, Ala., Sept. 13, 1917.

DEAR MR. STEARNS:

Just a few lines to let you know that the boys from Barringer are still in the game. Gilbert Gregory and myself are in the 7th squad, and Beekman Schaefer and Judd Neal are in the next squad. Bennett Harrison is in C troop. This is a wonderful country down here. We are away up in the mountains, eight miles from the nearest town. We have been appointed Mounted Military Police and expect to be on our way to the other side in a couple of months.

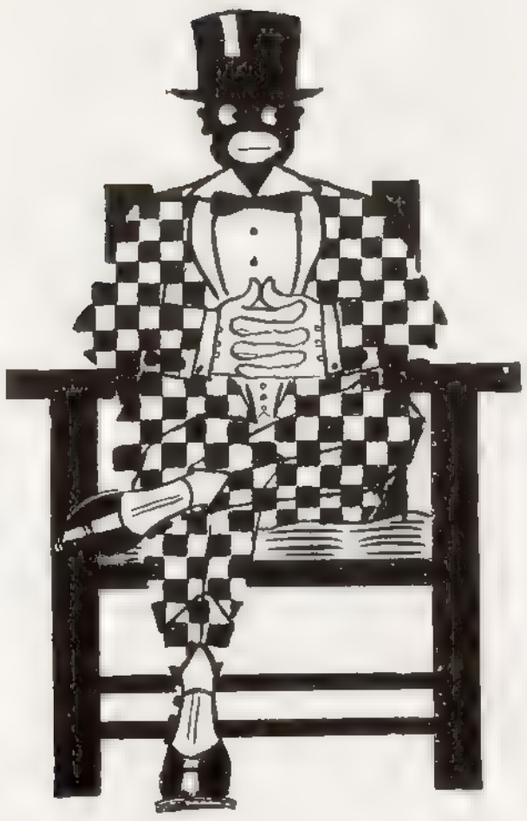
Floyd Shepherd, a former Barringer student is in the troop with us. We have a mighty fine crowd of men in the troop and we all like the soldier's life. The boys wish to be remembered to the school, and we all wish the football team success this coming season. Could you arrange to have the ACROPOLIS sent to me every month?

Well, I must close, as we have to go on mounted detail. Hoping to hear from you, I remain,

Respectfully yours,
Pri. Edw. B. Barney,
Troop A, 1st Squadron, N. J. Cavalry,
Anniston, Alabama.

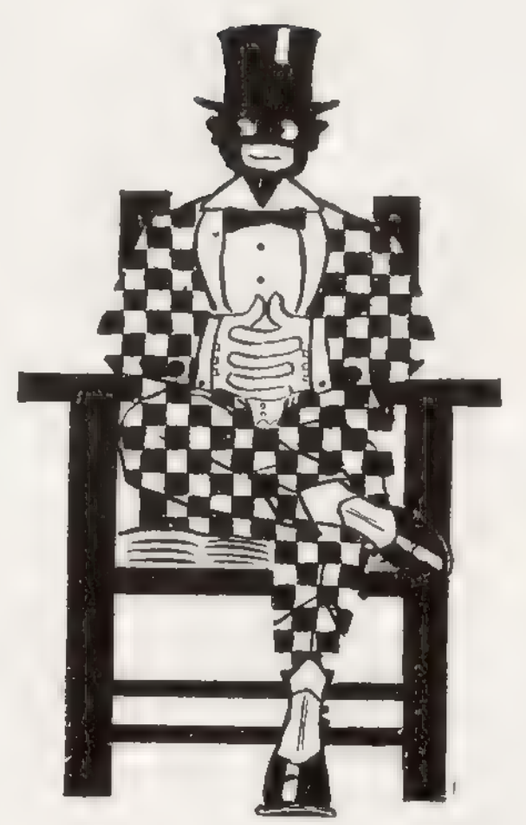
THE BOYS' FLAG DRILL.

Tuesday, October the second, marked the beginning of the boys' flag drill in the auditorium. After the school had assembled, several boys marched from the rear of the auditorium to the front of the platform with the flag. As they marched in, the school rose, and when the flag had been put in place, all repeated the pledge. Several verses of the national anthem were then sung, at the close of which the boys carried the flag to a stand on the platform and then marched out.



Well, Mr. Bones?

NORMAN H. BERRY, *Ch.*
HELEN KUSSY
VIRGIL PENNINGTON
MARION SMITH
KENNETH CARRINGTON
CHARLES KELLNER



One day
I was having a good time,
In a chalk battle
With some of the fellows,
In my room.
To my horror,
Mr. ———— caught me
And said
That I should go
To his office.
And when I got there,
He said to me,
"You know,
You will have to pay
A fine
Of five cents
For throwing that piece of chalk."
I, brazen,
Tried to be witty
And said,
"Oh, that's a slight
Punishment.
I have,
Right here,
In my left-hand pocket,
A nickel."
Then he smiled
And said.
"All right,
But now look down
In your right-hand pocket,
And see if you have
Five hours
In the detention room?"
That put
A different light
On the situation
And so,
I said
No more.

Teacher—Whose voice is that?
Storch—Mine.
Teacher—Why were you talking?
Storch—I was singing.
Teacher—I didn't recognize it.

IN ENGLISH.

(Translating Chaucer)—His head was cropped and had a brown countenance.

Student (translating German)—Fellow countrymen, drive home the cows!

Who is Sylvia?—Idler in distress.

There is a Burke Boyce
Who makes much noise.
In study I guess
He's a regular pest.

The cause I don't know
Except it be so—
Queer socks he does wear
Colored stripes on each pair.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

"Lillian," said mother severely, "there were two pieces of cake in the pantry this morning, and now there is only one. How does this happen?"

"I don't know," replied Lillian, regretfully. "It must'a been so dark, I didn't see the other piece."—*Ex.*

Kellner—Say, Idler, a yell is an empty sound, isn't it?

Idler—How do you make that out?

Kellner—It's holler (hollow) isn't it?

Miss D.—Hold that word "weary" when you sing it, as though you had been away from home for a long while. Haven't any of you ever been homesick?

L. Dick—No, but I've been seasick.

Prof.—Doing your French during Chemistry period, will never get you anywhere, Higby.

Higby—It's not French, it's German.

Prof. (referring to an allusion that appears in a book)—Roberts, what are the sins of ommission?

Rob—The ones we might have committed, but didn't.

Teacher (to Gregory, who comes in tardy)—Why don't you get up on time, haven't you an alarm clock?

Gregory—Yes, but I never hear it ring unless I am awake.

IN 1B ENGLISH.

"Now will somebody give me a sentence containing the word notwithstanding?"

"I wore out the seat of my trousers, but not with standing."

The history class was discussing the Ten Commandments.

Teacher—Can some one give me a commandment with only four words in it?

Smarty Berry—Keep off the grass.

The principal during assembly, explaining what to do in case of fire.

"Above all things," he urged, "if your clothing catches fire, remain cool."

Greg—They should have named you Flannel.

Pennington—Why, how's that?

Greg—Because you shrink from washing.

In Gregory's School News copy, regarding the 4B social was found the following statement:

"Among the beautiful girls was President Terhune."

When asked what he meant, Sam merely replied: "I can't help that; that's where he was most of the time."

IN ENGLISH.

"What's the plural of man, Flanders?"

"Men."

"And the plural of child?"

"Twins," answered Flanders.

"Papa," wrote the sweet girl, "I have become infatuated with calisthenics."

"Well, daughter," replied the father, "if your heart's set on him, all right, but I did hope that you would marry an American."—*Ex.*

THE NEW SIGN IN THE RESTAURANT.

Pies like mother made, 5 cents.

Pies like mother tried to make, but couldn't, 10 cents.—*Ex.*

IN ENG.

Teacher—What is an optimist?

Stude—An optimist is a man who doesn't care what happens as long as it doesn't happen to him.

Original.
Unexcelled.
Reviving.

Peerless.
Enchanting.
Remarkable.
Snappy.
Optimistic.
Newsy.
Admirable.
Lively.
Satisfying.

Miss Patrick—Put the elbow of the next girl alongside of yours!

Stude (translating in German)—Her red cheeks shining through her tanned face, looked *purple*.

Helen Kussy—Why is Barringer spirit like an empty matchbox?

Edna Altemiller—How should I know?

Helen—Because it is *matchless*.

AT FOOTBALL PRACTICE.

Riker—I thought you kicked the bucket, just then.

B. Barling—Oh, no, I just turned a little pale (pail).

Mr. Milwitzky (to J. Leavitt who is laughing)—That's the kind of joking we call le(a)vity.

Here's a new one from Mr. Stonesifer (105th edition)—"The first time you chew gum we'll overlook it, but the second time, we'll look it over."

Pennington—Why is your hat down on your ears?

Idler—Oh, I got a hair cut the day after I bought it.

Walton (In gym)—If these cracks in the floor were a little larger some of the pigmies would slip through.

Miss Coult—*Astrea Redux* means the stars returned.

4A Class (in chorus)—Sure we're back.

Miss Coult—What architect rebuilt London in 1666?

Riker—Waldron.

Lippman—When does the next Clifton car leave?

Berry—One fifty.

Lippman—Make it 1:49 and I'll take it.

Leibe—I don't like that fellow's voice, it sounds like a rusty hinge.

Miss MacArthur—Oh, well, that's something to a door (adore) anyway.

Terhune—What happens to that statue of Mendelsohn in the park when it rains?

Gregory—It becomes a statuette (statue wet).

Mr. Jason—A rope is taut when it is stretched.

Walton—I hope I'll never be taught that way.

IN 25.

Corwin (translating)—And then-er-a-a-misery comes.

Just then Kellner entered!

I rose with great alacrity,
To offer her my seat,
'Twas a question whether she or I
Should stand upon my feet.

Teacher—Give me a sentence containing the word *heroes*.

Stude—A man sat on a tack and he rose.

1B—Pa, what is the Board of Education?

Pa—Why, when I went to school it was a pine shingle.

Mr. Noll—Are there any feathered quadrupeds?

Kenneth Taylor—Sure, feather beds.

Riker—Why do the Germans spell Kulture with a "K"?

Pennington—Because the Allies control all the "C's."

A—I hear he left school without any reason.

B—Well, he entered that way too.

Cheer Leader—Come on now, a locomotive for the Clifton trolley.

Stude—Yes, and we ought to give it a set of tracks too.

I sit and burn the midnight oil
And seek for inspirations
Hoping some little bright ideas
Will make their visitations.

And then I spend some hours of toil
On endless preparations,
And what have I to show next day,
Why—rotten recitations.

Miss Schleuter—The English wished to establish *millinery* posts in America.

Mr. Snavely—A B equals C Y.

Estelle Riordan—But I don't C Y.

Caesar (translated)—They flung their heads upon the ground.

H. Atz (translating)—I have a pain in your stomach.

Oh, Burke, your natty socks and ties
Have dazzled all your classmate's eyes.
Such dressing for an ed-in-chief
Doth fill our modest souls with grief.

Ambitious 1B—Aw, I'm not going to study all that. I don't care if I have to spend *eight* years in this place.

(Ye shades of ancient flunkers!)

Alson Brandeis, is in line for the captaincy at Lafayette, where he is showing some of the "old" Barringer football.

FORD FARMING.

The Ford on the farm arose
Before the dawn at four;
It milked the cows and washed the clothes,
And finished every chore.

Then forth it went into the field
Just at the break of day;
It reaped and threshed the golden yield
And hauled it all away.

It plowed the field that afternoon,
And when that job was through
It hummed a pleasant little tune
And churned the butter, too.

For while the farmer, peaceful eyed,
Read by the tungsten's glow,
The patient auto stood outside
And ran the dynamo.

Miss Dean (to Miss Romer)—I don't understand how you Ford owners burn up the road so.

Miss Romer—Oh, I guess it's mainly by scorching.

Hey, Joe, what's that bump on your head?
Brown—That's where a thought struck me.

Kellner—May I have an awl?
Mr. Stonesifer—They're all on the shelf.

Miss Coult—What is poetry?
Miss Burke—Blank verse in rhyme.

Mr. Hart—How do you compare sick?
2B—Sick, dead, buried.

Carrington—I say, Norm, lend me a quarter to get a hair cut.

Berry—Oh, don't be short; here's $5.00; get several cut while you are there.

Berry—What is Bellah raving about?

Boyce—Oh, a train of thought passed through his brain and wrecked it.

Silver (observing Ramo)—Why are these fat fellows always so good natured?

George—I guess it's because they can neither fight nor run.

Kellner—Never, isn't that a loud hat?
Flanders—Sure, look at the band on it.

A canny young canner from Cannee,
One morning observed to his granny,
A canner can can
A lot of things, gran,
But he can't can a can, can 'e?

Bill Flanders while in chemistry,
Mixed H Cl with NH_3,
Then H_2 SO_4 plus S,
And a lighted match did the rest.

There is a young fellow named Riker,
Met a girl and thought that he'd like her,
He took off his hat,
She hit him a slap,
And that was the end of poor Riker.

Wee little 1B, oh so small
Greets big Senior, ever so tall.
The one so timid, eyes open wide,
As the other hurries by with lofty stride.
Oh, what a change there is bound to be,
In four years, now you wait and see.

Idler—Do you know what period of English History, Berry is most interested in?

Carrington—Sure, the reign of Elizabeth.

First Soldier—Why is ten times ten like the American army?

Second Soldier—I don't know, why?

First Soldier—Because it makes a *"Hundread."*

Lippman—I want a sick slip.
Mr. Barr—What's the matter, are you sick?
Lippman—Yes, I have a cutting pain.

AT THE "ACROPOLIS" MEETING.

Burke—Have you read "The Proof of the Personals?"

Norm—No, who wrote it?

Jennings (in his flivver)—Hey, get out of the way! I want to run over you.

1B—I saw him but I didn't look at him.

Dr. Mathews—Why were the old laws of Connecticut called the "blue laws?"

Grasso—Because they made the people feel blue.

25.

Mr. Mezger—Why did Richelieu continue his policy?

Caruso—He was sick and didn't know what he was doing.

Many a fond hour have we spent
Within thy walls of brown cement.
May thy praises go as high as the sky,
We all love you dearly, Old Barringer High.

N. H.—I'm writing a book called "Romances of a High School Student."

Burke—Oh, I see! Well, you're qualified to do it, I must say.

OCTOBER.

Idler (sleepily)—May I be excused from recitation to-day? I had an engagement last evening.

Mr. King—Permanent?

ADVENTURES IN BARRINGER-LAND.

As I was walking through a deep *Wood* I came upon a huge *Stone*. It looked *Hard (in)* firm, but I found that it was *Br(e)ittle*. Walking a little farther I saw a steep *Hill* rising before me. Its aspect was *Stearn(s)* and forbidding. On the summit was a man *Pullen* a log. He told me that he was going to *Hewitt* to make a *Bar(r)* for his *Mea Dow* fence. I left him and walked down the hill into a beautiful *Field*. Here a *Colt* frisked about. I tried to catch him but *Jason* himself would have failed at the task. Exhausted, I sat down on a shady little *Noll*. Don't you think I had been a *Ro(a)mer?*

1st B—Say, what do you do all day?
2nd B—Oh, nothing.
1st B—Well, how do you know when you're through?

Boost our ACROPOLIS,
Next issue will be fine.
The cover sweet,
The inside neat,
The pleasure will be thine.

Prof.—The hair of a cat stands on end when it is angry.

Timid—Gee, mine stands up when I'm scairt.

Fracture, break or dislocation
Of the arm, leg or neck.
Football is a recreation
Where the accent's on the wreck.

Teacher—You all see this piece of iron, don't you? Now can some one tell me what color it will be when it is red hot?

Leavitt (translating)—*Un ange radmix.* A radiant angel.

Leavitt (translating)—A stiff angel.

IN 31.

Mr. Milwitzky—Who was Charlemagne?
Pupil—The uncle of Sir Rowland.
Mr. Milwitzky—Who was Sir Rowland?
Bright One—The nephew of Charlemagne.

In three minutes those eggs were done
By the heat of the noonday sun.
But I dare say *she* more cared
Nay, better fared
A teaching equations
Than eating those rations.

FOOLISH QUESTIONS.

How can you sharpen your wits?
How many drawers has the weather bureau?
Does a look which flashes ever set anything on fire?

Mr. Haulenbeek—Can anyone give me a word containing *semi?*

Smart One Bee—Cemetery.

SOME GRASP.

Stude (in German)—And they took hold of the castle.

BONEHEAD.

Teacher—What is the gray matter of the brain?

Studious—Cartilage!

Elsie Steinmetz—Did you hear the story about the sparrow?

Helen Kussy—No.

Elsie—It's a bird.

Mr. Noel—When do you see rainbows?
Miss Dolan—At one o'clock *at night.*

Contributions of megaphones will be thankfully received so that teachers on the east side of the building may be heard.

When the ACROPOLIS is published
Let us round that paper throng,
Not a hundred, but a thousand,
Let us bring our dimes along,
Then when the Board counts the proceeds,
They will thank the school and you,
You were true to Alma Mater
And to the ACROPOLIS too.

Tales of A Wayside Store:

Young hopeful poet (dreamily)—Give me a half pound of *limerick* cheese, please.

Teacher—Give me a word derived from Carus
Shining Light—Caruso.

THE LATEST SONG.

BY SAMMIE.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching
See the Kaiser at the door,
If I had a submarine,
I would hit him on the bean,
And there wouldn't be any Kaiser any more.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
See the Kaiser at the door,
If I had a piece of lead,
I would break it on his head,
And there wouldn't be any Kaiser any more.

Hurrah for the fall of the year,
For the football season is here,
As our team's full of pep,
It will keep up its rep,
And win every game, don't you fear.

When the Germans hear our "Barringer Boys" give an Osky Wa Wa, they will drop their guns and run.

Detention room closed for the season.
Recitations cut down fifteen minutes.
Easy subjects everywhere.
ACROPOLIS out every week.
Mathematics removed from all courses.
School out at 1:30.

The Transformation:
"The time has come," Miss Darnell said,
For you to learn to sing,
When you get music in your head,
You'll think you are a king."

A month has passed, and now each day,
Our tuneful (?) voices rise,
We've learned to sing, our melodies (?)
Float sweetly to the skies.

JOHN FOSTER, *Ch.*
JOHN JENNINGS
LOUIS KUHNLE
DOROTHY DUNCAN
JOSEPHINE FLORENCE

BARRINGER OPENS SEASON WITH VICTORY.

The Barringer football team opened its season successfully on Saturday the twenty-ninth of September by defeating Passaic on their own grounds.

Barringer won the toss and elected to kick off. Juliano took the honor and lifted the pig skin down to the Passaic ten-yard line, where it was received by Captain Machee of the home team. The brunt of Passaic's attack fell to Noble and Foster in the centre of the line, who though outweighed, managed to hold up the attack of the river town's back field. The greater part of the first half consisted of a kicking game between Gregory and Machee. "Sammie" easily had the edge on the Passaic lad, getting off fifty and fifty-five yard kicks repeatedly. Shortly before the end of the second quarter "Tony" Juliano was sent around the left end for a forty yard run. The whistle was the only thing that prevented Barringer from scoring at that time.

The second half was started by Barringer again kicking off. The pace of the first half, however, had been too much for the Passaic outfit, and they showed a marked lack of "pep." "Davie" Hummel and "Georgie" Poole were sent over "Louie" Kuhnele's back for a gain of several yards each time, while Juliano and Gregory made gains around either end. Twice Captain Machee stopped "Tony" Juliano, on his way to the Passaic goal line.

It remained for Juliano, however, to win the game by drop kicking the ball between the uprights from thirty-eight yards.

The Barringer squad showed an abundance of fine material with which "Chief" ought to develop another championship team.

Kuhnele starred in the line for Barringer, while Juliano was the hero of the back field. Captain Macher showed to best advantage for Passaic.

The line-up:

Passaic H. S.		*Barringer H. S.*
Walker	Righ End.	Munn
Clendenning	Right Tackle.	Mutchler
Cokol, Cock	Right Guard.	Noble, Becker
Scudder	Center.	Foster (Capt.), Noble
Mandel, Knapp	Left Guard.	Addonizio, Rondo
Skvarle	Left Tackle	Kuhnle
Campbell	Left End.	Frazer
Prescott	Quarterback.	Gregory, Minster
Macher (Capt.)	Right Halfback.	Poole, Gregory
Darmstatter	Left Halfback.	Juliano
Jaffe	Fullbacks.	Hummel

Score by periods:

Barringer	0	0	0	3—3
Passaic	0	0	0	0—0

Time of quarters—9m.. Field goal—Juliano. Referee—Garrison, Montclair Academy. Linesmen—Saxer, and Van Riper, Passaic. Umpire—Lounsberry, Passaic.

LOOKING AHEAD.

This season promises to be one of the most interesting, if not the greatest in the history of Barringer games and sports. You old fellows recall the days when Halstead, Werner, and Bodenstein used to throw baskets for the old Alma Mater some years ago. Well it's "no go" in comparison with the doings which are afoot now. "Chief" upon being interviewed was mildly enthusiastic over the project of this term. The

innovation is class basket ball teams. A team representing each grade will endeavor to uphold the honor of its grade on the court. A schedule will be worked out, so that each team will be assured a chance of meeting the teams of every grade. This league will afford tremendous recreation and exercise for a great number of boys who would otherwise refrain from participating in the major sports. Then combined with this, there is to be the ever interesting wrestling tournament. Most of the boys who carried off the honors last year are still in school, promising a very tight struggle for supremacy. Now these sports cannot be pushed to success without the sincere and never-ceasing coöperation of the student body. So boys let's get behind this, and give it a hearty push.

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

"Mick" Hummel, star end, Barringer varsity, '13, '14, '15, is now playing varsity end at Rutgers, in his first year?

That Maze, varsity football, '15, '16, baseball, '14, '15, '16. Sliker, Barringer, '12, '13, '14, '15, Rutgers, '15, '16. Ten Eyck, '14, '15, '16 (Football), Track, '14, '15, '16. Barney, '14, '15, '16, Swimming. DeHart, '13, '14, '15, '16, Football. Gregory, Baseball, '15, '16, Swimming, '15, '16, Track, '15, '16. Golinski, '14, '15, '16, Football. Noble, '14, '15, '16, Football. Pavese, '15, '16, Baseball, have joined the Army, Barringer stock?

Andy Dempsey has made Fordham's varsity, starring in the back field?

NEEDED—A CHEER LEADER.

We want a cheer leader, some "peppy" individual with a winning personality to show E. O. some organized cheering. Competition will be held in the gym. Get in practice, then come out for a job.

BARRINGER SONGS AND CHEERS.

Perhaps you have not been out for a team, if you haven't you've made a mistake. It is with those that have not that this little article deals. Do YOU know our songs and cheers? If not, why not? For the benefit of the freshman we are publishing a complete list of the songs as well as the cheers. Learn them and come out to help your teams to victory.

SONGS.

FOOTBALL MARCH.
Words by Franklin Cross.
Tune: D. K. E. March.

We march together upon the field,
With colors flaunting gay,
The team must win the victory to-day.
As rolling score upon score
The backs go tearing swiftly by,
We cheer Barringer, dear old Barringer High.
Then, merrily sing we all to Barringer,
The mother of sturdy sons,
Whose daughters are fair and true,
We'll pledge our faith forever more,
To Barringer, dear Barringer to you.

Words by WILLIAM LEE, '13.
Tune: Orange and Black.

On the football field or diamond,
Let us round our standard throng,
Not a hundred, but a thousand;
Let our ranks be firm and strong.
Then, with mighty song and shouting,
We will urge our comrades true
To repeat the bygone triumphs
Of the dear old white and blue.

When at last the game is over,
Whether fortune smile or frown,
With the same untarnished honor,
We will all our heroes crown.
And we'll sing their praise and glory
Till these halls ring through and through
"They were true to Alma Mater
And the dear old white and blue."

THE AL, AL.

Al, Al, Sabides, Sock it to him, Socrates,
Mithrinite, Shaminite, Peloponneseus, Boom!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! High School!
Newark! Newark! Newark!!

LOCOMOTIVE.

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Ray! Ray! Ray!
N-e-w-a-r-k
Newark! Newark! Newark!
Team! Team! Team!

THE SKYROCKET.

Skyrocket! (long, sharp whistle)
Boom!! Ah-h-h-h-h
Team! Team! Team!

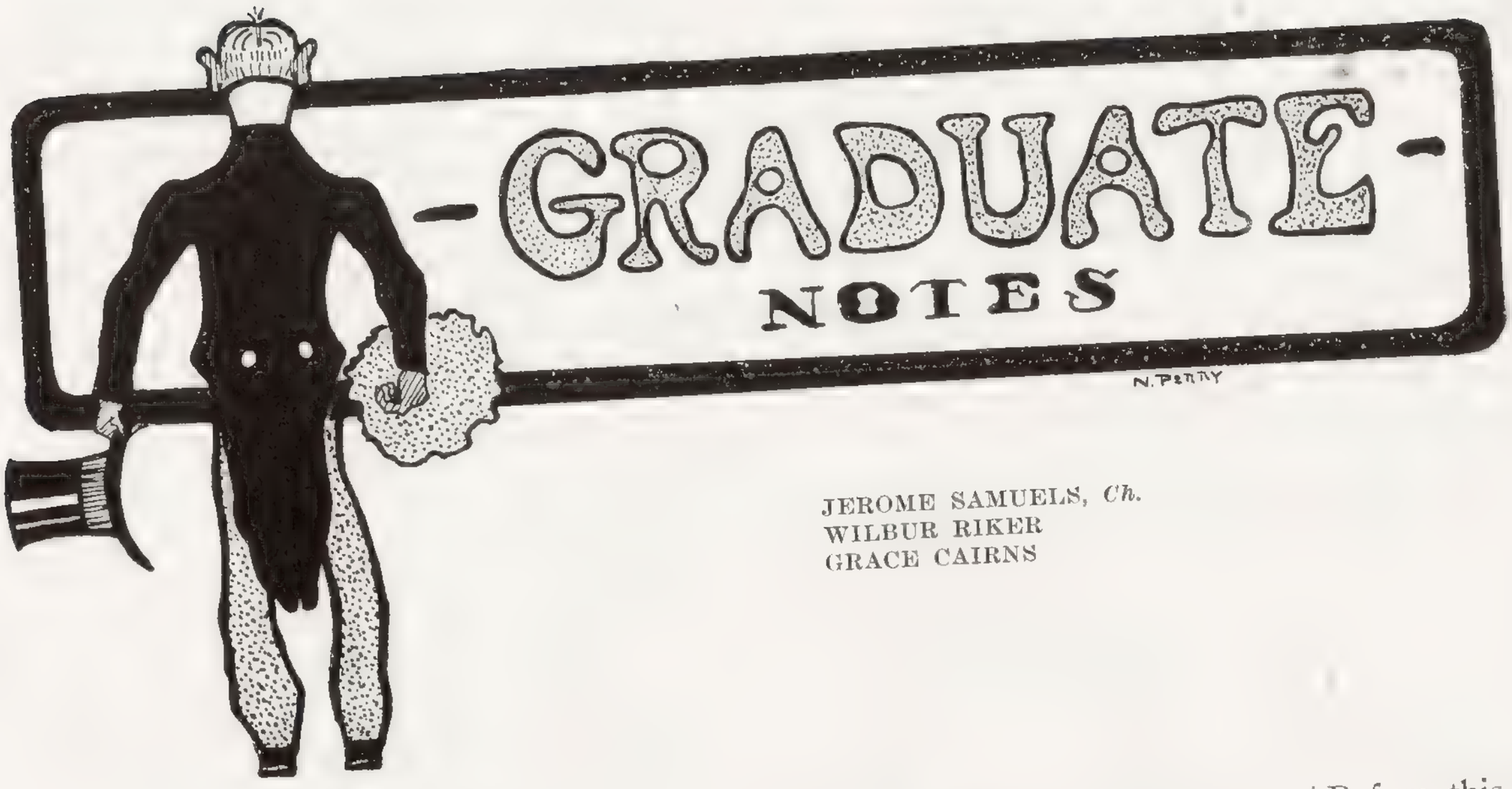
SHORT YELL.

Barringer, Rah, Rah (Name of Player)

NINE RAH YELL.

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Barringer!
Barringer!
Barringer!
(Name of opponents repeated three times)

(*Continued on page 32.*)



JEROME SAMUELS, *Ch.*
WILBUR RIKER
GRACE CAIRNS

GRADUATE NOTES.

Charles Hopkins, a graduate of the Class of June, '16, went to France last May, as an ambulance driver. "Hoppy," during his term at Barringer, led a brilliant career, both in studies and in athletics. Charlie joined the Feld Service of the regular French Army after his arrival in France. His duties were to take care of the cannon, to help transport the ammunition, and, mainly, to help beat up the Germans. Hoppy's next step was to gain permission to join the Foreign Legion with the Lafayette Flying Corps. Just as he was about to go to Avord, the flying school, Charlie heard there was some chance for him to join the Americans, so he took our mental and physical exams. Both were "corkers," especially the latter. Now, when Charlie learns how to fly, he will be a first lieutenant. So Charlie has fulfilled a couple of his ambitions; first to be with the Americans, and, secondly, to be a commissioned officer. Well, "Hoppy," Barringer wishes you good luck.

Another of our graduates, Andrew Jack, is in France driving an ambulance. He has also passed through his junior year in Cornell.

Renold Theiebal, '14, Wm. Kunst '09, Charles Halstead '15 and George Hulse are soon to join.

"Hipp," our former cartoonist, is at Wrightstown.

Norman Kempf has become a corporal at Wrightstown.

Ray Terhune '14, is also a Sergeant. He is in Battery C.

"Beek" Schaeffer, '17, was at Sea Girt all summer as a cavalryman in the Essex Troop. Now he is in the Military Police at Anniston.

Kenneth Mawha is in France with the Ambulance Corps.

Wrightstown will soon see Lynn Steadman, our star pitcher for two years. Before this he was at Cornell.

Russell W. Ties, '08—Rutgers, '12, joined the Sanitary Engineering Corps and is now at Anniston.

Carl Holman and Harold Karr, graduates of the class of June '14, have gone to France and are now driving ambulances.

Donovan Axtell '14, sailed last May to France, with the Dartmouth Contingent.

Herbert Van Dyne has joined the navy. Along with him is Dudley Sheridan.

Steve Golinski, one of our former main supports in football, was taken in the recent draft. Steve, however, gained leave of absence for one year. During this time he will study Civil Engineering in Michigan University. At the end of the allotted time, Steve will become a commissioned officer.

Herbert Boes, a graduate of the Class of '12, and a graduate from Rutgers, of the Class of '16, is doing great work in the Medical Department in France as a bacteriologist.

Here is a Barringer graduate who has proved himself worthy of praise. Walter Johnson graduated from here in '10. Then he took a four year course in Princeton and graduated from there in '14. Not satisfied with this, he decided to take up a two year course in N. Y. U. After having completed this, he received and accepted an offer from Wisconsin University as an Assistant Prof. of English. Finally, to cap this all, he went to France and took up Y. M. C. A. Army work. Can *you* do as well?

John Crecca '12, is now a First Lieutenant on one of our battleships. He received his commission by passing through Annapolis.

R. C. Adams '07, has graduated from the Naval Pay Officers' School. He is now serving on one

of the battleships with the title of Assistant Pay Master and with the rank of Ensign.

Another one of the Barringer Graduates with a commission, is Lieutenant Harry Rich, of the U. S. Navy. He graduated from Barringer in 1907.

George J. Kilgus, a graduate of Barringer, '09, is now studying to be a missionary and is taking a theological course at Chicago. He has received diplomas from both Princeton and the University of Pennsylvania.

Herbert Urmy has joined the Mosquito Fleet, of the Naval Reserve, at Newport. He graduated from B. H. S. '15 and went to Princeton.

Wm. Steele, who graduated from here in '10, is now at Camp Lee, Va. He is an infantryman.

Allen Machin is doing his bit in the Quartermaster's Department of a base hospital in France.

"Morty" Eisner, a graduate of Barringer, has the rank of Chief Petty Officer at Newport. He has passed through Amherst and partly through Columbia. While at the former college, he was the best speaker in the vicinity and one of the most popular men. He studied law.

Geo. Williamson, June, '13, a member of the Essex Troop, is doing duty in the Military Police.

Bob Cory is driving an ambulance in France.

Dick Diamond, one of our former football stars and probably the best third baseman Barringer has ever had, is now in Michigan University. He is taking up dentistry. Along with him "Buck" Weiss is going. He also was one of our stars. In his present college, "Buck" is expected to star in track and tennis.

Saul Zucker is studying at Columbia. He was one of our best students while here.

Louis Kaiser, Louis Kanagieser's only former rival and superior, is trying his luck at Cornell. He has made the Freshman Team already. Go on, Louis, don't let them get anything past you!

Roy Nickels and Graham Cairns are battling their way through Rutgers together.

Perry Foster and "Stew" Hedden are doing the same in Wesleyan. Better luck this time, Perry.

Allen Brodie is studying denistry at Penn.

Norman Wiss, one of our former track stars, is a brave man. He got married last summer.

Magaret Jacoby, Ethel Schaeffer, Charlotte Wood, and Elsie Dey are studying at Wellesley. All were stars while here. Ethel was probably our best girl athlete.

C. William Johnston, a graduate of the Class of June, '16, is in the Naval Reserve Radio Class at Harvard College.

These following grads should deserve mention, though we have been unable to find out in what branch of the service they are:

Art Smithurst—June, '15.
Art Mead—Jan., '15.
Clyde Gardenier—Jan., '15.
Walling Minster—June, '16.

Nelson Perry, Kenneth Spinning and Morris Daniels are all Lieutenants in the regular Army Cavalry now stationed at Fort Sam Houston, but soon to go to France.

Our graduates in the service of the U. S. are in as much need of magazines, milk chocolate, boullion cubes, etc., as of sweaters. Can you help them? If so, kindly let us know.

August 31, 1917.

Dear Mr. Stearns:

As you may be wondering why I don't pop in to take a few more courses, I'll let you know that I'm many miles away.

After I left school I began work at New York University School of Commerce and Finance. From there, I drifted into the N. Y. U. Ambulance Unit, which is now a part of the American Army. What I shall do after the war is an open question.

Quite by accident, I met Allan Machin and Ronald Smith over here. They are doing work somewhat like mine, but not quite the same.

I am not able to write much of a letter, under the circumstances, but thought you would be pleased to learn that the Barringer boys were doing their bit.

Remember me to all.

BERT OTTOLENGIN.

THE RACE.

(*Continued from page 7.*)

himself toward it. Then amid a great shout from the spectators, Bill crossed the line—*A Winner!* For the car which was held up, had just resumed its impeded course.

When Bill opened his eyes, he felt a caressing hand on his head, and looking up he met the sweet smile of Miss Idelia Royce.

A REBEL'S STRATEGY.

(*Continued from page 11*)

ing fixedly at her shoe. A moment of absolute silence followed.

"Grace," she heard her name called softly. Startled, she glanced up to meet the laughing gaze of Dick Barton, her fiance, whom she believed to be miles away. In his hand he held the mustache and the light curly wig that had concealed his smooth black hair.

"Dickey," she cried, joy, surprise, and consternation in her tone, "why,—where,—how did you get here?" she stammered.

"Hush, dear, or you will have those fellows down here in no time. They think I am a Union officer. I donned this uniform to come through the Northern lines with a message from General Lee to Captain Miller. I came upon these fellows just outside the Northern lines, and gathered from their talk that they were waiting for an officer who was to lead them toward the Southern camp for scout duty. They didn't know who their leader was to be since they had only been in camp for a week. They had been transferred from a camp farther north. To make a long story short, I impersonated their leader and brought them directly here. I know I could rely upon you to get some of the boys here in short order. Oh, here they are!" as several gray clad figures hurriedly entered the room, and a threatening voice commanded,

"Hands up!" A cry of recognition followed immediately. The muskets which had been raised were now lowered.

"Never mind me, boys, get the Yanks upstairs."

It took the boys in gray but a short time to secure their astonished and chagrined prisinors. They departed immediately—heartless wretches!—leaving the "Union officer" to his fate at the hands of the fiery little rebel, whom he had so thoroughly deceived as to his identity.

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BASKET BALL
is guaranteed perfect in every detail.

Catalogue on request.

FROM OBSCURITY TO FAME.

(*Continued from page* 12.)

And so, as a result of the tireless devotion and the high ideals of Edward Hadleigh, a great singer was given to the world; and to the name of her dead mother, composer of all the music she sang, was given everlasting renown.

NEW YELL.

Rah! Rah! Rah!
R-a-a-y, R-a-a-y, R-a-a-y,
Team! Team! Team!

Words by FRANKLIN CROSSE.
Tune: Dartmouth.

B-A-R-R-I-N-G-E-R,
Dear Alma Mater, we sing to thee,
Thy fame we'll e'er uphold
Loyal sons we'll be—to Barringer
Thy name we'll honor,
To thee be true,
Long wave her banner
Of white and blue.

ALMA MATER SONG.

Words by JUNIUS W. STEVENS.
Tune: Lauriger Horatius.

Over many a city old,
  Famed in song and story,
Temple grey and castle old
  Catch the sunset glory.
So our Alma Mater proud
  Looks o'er vale and meadow,
High between the sailing cloud
  And its drifting shadow.

For her colors, first the blue
  Of the April valley;
Then December's wintry hue
  When the storm winds rally.
Newark High, thy fame we raise,
  Many voices blending;
Through the years we pledge thee praise,
  Loyal to life's ending.

RAMBLER'S SONG.

Barringer has a football team
  That not lost a game.
East Orange has some weaklings
  But they do not play the same,
When these two get together, to have a little scrap,
Just watch the wily Barringer push
  East Orange off the map.

CHORUS.

Oh, didn't we ramble, we rambled,
We rambled through the line,
First down every time,
Oh, didn't we ramble, we rambled,
The way we'll beat East Orange will be fine.
We rambled to the Oval
  To play a football game.
The way we made East Orange look, it certainly was a shame.
  The backfield rambled, 'round the end,
Went crashing through the line,
  We'd simply made a million if we only had the time.

TOUCHDOWN SONG.

Words by FRANKLIN CROSSE.
Tune: Dartmouth Touchdown Song.

Cheer, all cheer for Barringer,
As the backs go down the field,
For we're all true to Barringer
And her sons will never yield—Rah! Rah! Rah!
Fight, fight, fight for victory
And cheer for every play—
Touchdown, touchdown, Barringer,
The team must win to-day.

WOW CHEER.

Skinny wow wow wow wow,
Oskie wow wow wow wow.
Jimmy wow wow wow wow
Wow wow wow wow wow.
(The wow is to be long drawn out, watch cheer leaders.)

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Every Sport
Indoors and Out

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The **Kaiser** will put **you** in his!

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J. Kugler, Jr., Principal

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Nov. 4th—Robert Warwick in **"THE MAD LOVER"**

Nov. 11th—D. W. Griffiths' **"INTOLERANCE"**

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